

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE O'SHAUGHNESSY PLAN

READERS of THE COMMONWEAL are well aware that this paper has in no way minimized the serious character of the country's economic crisis. Indeed, we are of those who believe, rightly or wrongly, that it is not a crisis, or a depression, or a panic, in the ordinary sense of those words. It is, we think, a revolution, most happily unaccompanied by violence, in which fundamental changes in our whole social structure are being made, or, at least, are being prepared. Precisely what those changes will turn out to be, we do not pretend to know, or even to be quite clear in our conjectures or surmises. Certainly, however, we have been and we remain quite clear on two vital points. First, that no amount of peppish optimism, of hocus-pocus verbal magic, employed in denying or minimizing the terrible facts which confront us can be anything but harmful. Secondly—and this is even more important—we are optimists in a realistic sense because we believe in man's free will, and, therefore, in man's power to correct man's errors, if the effort to do so is both intelligent and timely, that is to say, that it is exerted before the disease to which it is applied has become incurable.

For these reasons, we think that the deluge of plans

now being put forward to cure the depression proves that man's will is bracing itself to fight a way through the world's muddle, and, as a consequence, something more valuable than a mere temporary rally in this or that corner of the financial or the industrial fields is coming into the situation. It is, of course, true that a large mass of the plans are pure fantasies. Others are the dreams of cranks and fanatics of a dozen different schools of financial or political manias. But there are many others which deserve the most thoughtful consideration and study. Whether there is time enough before worse conditions than those facing us now descend upon us is another problem which in its very nature is unanswerable save by guesses. Nevertheless, these efforts strengthen hope and faith. They prove that under the surface of the raging seas upon which we are being tossed, currents are forming which may bring us safely to shore. G. K. Chesterton speaks often of what he terms "the Green revolution," as opposed to the Red revolution now sweeping over so much of the world. He means by the Green revolution that remarkable movement (but largely unmarked by the press, because of its lack of sensational episodes) of the farmers of many lands back toward coopera-

tive movements which assure them security, if not wealth and power. This movement might be likened to the growth of the grass in areas devastated by fire or drought, bringing back life and food for beast and man.

We recently called attention to the promising nature of the plan worked out by Mr. Albert Deane and Mr. Henry Kittredge Norton for bringing about wage stability. We wish now to call attention to the plan proposed by Mr. Michael O'Shaughnessy, so well known to our readers as the author of the remarkable article, "Greed Is the Witch." Mr. O'Shaughnessy's plan is receiving wide and favorable attention, the result of which we shall report later on. Any of our readers who wish to study the plan in all its details may write to this office for a copy.

For the present, we present two significant passages which contain the essence of his pamphlet:

"A legislative proposal to stabilize industry and finance, to realize social justice and to abolish economic slavery in the United States, based on the principles that:

"(a) The citizen has the right to work and is entitled to the protection of the laws in maintaining such rights and in demanding an equal share of the employment available in the trade in which he is employed;

"(b) That every citizen has the right to own property and earn a decent wage that will enable him to decently support his family, own his own home and to provide for his descendents after his death;

"(c) That money is entitled to a fair and stabilized wage;

"(d) That prices for commodities produced by any industry should be such as to provide for fair and stabilized wages for the actual money employed in the industry and fair and stabilized wages for the human beings employed in it, and to provide a fund to be used in public improvements to give employment to the unskilled labor of human beings not regularly employed in any industry.

"To translate these principles into law:

"(a) All units in every industry doing an interstate business and employing over fifty men and/or women, be empowered to form a trade association of all corporations or individuals that compose the industry, to accomplish the following ends: (1) to contribute in coöperation with their employees, funds to provide employees with life, disability and health insurance, accident compensation, old-age pensions, equal partition of available work among workers in the industry entitled thereto; (2) stabilization of production on a profitable basis; (3) fixing of maximum and minimum prices for raw materials and manufactured products.

"(b) All members of such associations to employ by the year, the average number of employees engaged in the industry over the period of the preceding ten years, at wages sufficient to enable workers to realize rights enumerated above; to set aside reserve funds

to provide for fair wages for money and fair and stabilized wages for human beings, based on the operations of the industry in the preceding ten years; to standardize accounting forms, cost systems, earning statements, etc., of all units in the association and to exchange such information.

"The Directors of the Trade Association to be nine in number, three representing the capital invested in the industry, to be chosen by the managements of its constituent members; three representing labor employed in the industry, to be chosen by labor unions existing or to be formed of employees in such industry; and three representing the public or consumers, to be chosen by a federal agency from persons nominated by associations of consumers of the products of the industry concerned.

"There should be invested in a federal agency, the right to veto any acts of the association, particularly in reference to the fixing of prices of raw materials and manufactured products, that might be against the public interest. Such veto to be subject to review by the federal courts."

WEEK BY WEEK

OBVIOUSLY a new note has crept into the German government's attitude toward Hitler. For a time (now relatively ancient) Dr. Bruening clung to the idea that at least certain elements in the National-Socialist party could be won over to the support of a moderate coalition. Today the war between the Cabinet and the expounders of "Deutschland erwache" theory is on in deadly earnest. Those who believe that parliamentary government, in terms of the Weimar constitution, still exists in Germany will find it difficult to understand how Hitler could have been denied the right to broadcast his speeches, or how the Prussian authorities justified that raid on Nazi headquarters which is said to have resulted in the finding of highly treasonable evidence. Details are as yet comparatively meager, and the whole matter could be heavily discounted were it not for the fact that the accuser's rôle has been assumed by Carl Severing, doubtless one of the most honest and fearless of German officials. According to his statements, Hitler "troops" had been organized with a view to seizing the power in case that President von Hindenburg and the great Adolph ran nearly even. The report is plausible enough. Nazi forces, perilously short of brains in other respects, are wealthy in personalities who know from experience how to organize and "fight out" an uprising. The vigorous steps taken against them indicate the extent to which the "veterans' government"—as the Bruening régime is familiarly termed—has squared off for any good, old-fashioned fight that may be needed. The argument that devils must be fought with their own fire has definitely prevailed in Berlin. So much, at least, Herr Hitler has accomplished.

IN A VALIANT effort to make anticipated tax receipts equal expenditures, the government has gone to bat three times with a so-called "treasury plan," a regular House committee bill and a compromise arrangement. The Usual Muddle The total result to date is a jamboree of no mean proportions. One balmy afternoon the President suddenly emerged from retirement with the suggestion that since economies were needed, it would be well if something akin to a commission were appointed to study the matter. This was obviously not one of Mr. Hoover's better moments. Of course he is handicapped by the circumstance that party coöperation is needed, and that he has never been able to produce this by means of his own leadership. But it seems only fair to suggest that on such a relatively simple matter as governmental retrenchments he might have ventured a suggestion of his own. Congress, a body of men representing separate constituencies, is the last place on earth in which to find a unanimous decision on tightening belts. What, one might ask, is a President for if not to act as an initiator of public opinion on just such problems? Congressmen did put this very query with a not inconsiderable amount of satire. They wrote a letter asking for "specific recommendations" and therewith dispatched to the White House one of the most ironical public documents ever sent thither. Unfortunately the nation is not now in a frame of mind properly to enjoy irony.

MEANWHILE Mr. Ogden Mills has officially commented on the most recent House tax bill. With this the Secretary of the Treasury finds several kinds of fault. He does not see precisely why toothpaste and soap are luxuries; he objects to the 1 percent stock transfer tax and to imposition of a normal tax on dividends; and quite generally he takes a fling at the elaborate program of "soaking the rich" devised by the followers of Mr. La Guardia. With not a few of Mr. Mills's suggestions we are in sympathy. It is not likely that the new bill will produce sufficient revenue to balance the budget, and in all human probability the evil effect of some of the measures proposed will outweigh the good they might accomplish. But it strikes the candid observer that Mr. Mills's argument is really an argument against balancing the budget. Everything he says about the heavier load placed on the "higher brackets" applies with equal force—or even more than equal force—to the burden which it was proposed to place on the masses by means of a sales tax. His reasoning to the effect that the one thing needful is to "break down the vicious circle of deflation" by providing and freely offering credit is so sound that one wonders just how the existing budget-balancing psychology originated. Of course a real effort must be made to keep government income and expenditure on a relatively even keel. But the ballyhoo about it would have been far less potentially harmful if the philosophy of the latest Mills speech had been carefully weighed

and acted upon two months ago. After all, one wonders, what has really happened to the Finance Reconstruction Corporation and the rest of the government's "depression fighting" machinery?

AS WE look through the report of the Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York, the conditions described are so appalling that it needs almost a fervent prayer to have the courage to consider them. How much more must we pray for God's sake, for our neighbor's sake, to have the enlightenment all to put our resources, even almost our last resources, to the service of the desperate needs of charity. This applies not only to New York, but to the entire country—in fact the extraordinary and oppressive situation is, that it applies to practically the entire world. But we must confine ourselves to what is before us. The report says: "As the economic war of 1930 merged into 1931, a new depressing note shadowed the work of all agencies dealing with people in trouble: a spirit of futility. The weary grind of the unemployed in their unremitting search for an honest day's work found its parallel in the crushing fatigue that was the daily portion of the social workers who were rendering assistance. The 'digging in' phase of unemployment relief had arrived. Courage alone carried everyone along." In a telling phrase, the report declares that the usual manner of dealing with destitute families and the orphaned and the sick has been supplanted to a large measure, by *disaster relief*, and continues: "The disquieting feature of our present effort is that we are working from day to day; we cannot plan ahead. Families have no relatives who can help—the relatives are likewise in need. Friends who assisted in other emergencies are no longer able to assist. Employers are struggling to conserve what is left of their erstwhile prosperous business."

THAT this picture is not overpainted, all but the inhumanly callous must admit. This is what we must face with courage. It is obvious that the period of easy, open-handed charity that involved little or no self-sacrifice, is over. We are in the presence of disaster. Catholic Charities with experienced and proven agencies for dealing with this disaster appeals for financial aid. We are at bed-rock if civilization, if decency and intelligence and social order are to be maintained. We believe that it is no mere hurrah to say that civilization stands at a deciding point in history. If charity is not served, human passions, riot and decades of disorder are imminent. It is not now a question of defending our civilization *in toto*; it is a question of saving the pieces, the shreds and tatters of what are the fundamental and obvious goods of our heritage. Whether we have progressed, evolved or retrogressed, is academic in the present situation; whether greed and lust have been permitted to spread under mists of amoral theorizing and a babel of half-

baked, so-called science, is something which in the face of the present specific emergency, can only be left to the perspective of another time to be decided. Lately there appeared "a long and sinister catalogue" of the consequences of enforced idleness of which we can here give only the beginnings: "Discouragements, depression, desperation—often to the verge, and sometimes to the point, of stealing, murder and suicide. Bewilderment and mental confusion. Loss of self-confidence, development of a sense of failure and inferiority. Loss of initiative and sense of responsibility." These are the things we must fight as well as stark physical ills. Catholics in a special sense are custodians of the enduring law, of the unchanging value of, and the necessity to struggle for, humility, liberality, chastity, meekness, temperance, brotherly love and diligence. Custodians of faith and hope, they know also and must joy in, charity. This is a time of their testing and we know they will respond.

REMEMBRANCES of the Magnificat came to those who, on the Sunday after Easter, listened to the Holy Father extol, in a radio message broadcast to all the world, the virtues of Alexia Leclerc whom the Church has called Venerable. She was a nun in whom the mystical life of the French "golden age" wrought a miracle of holiness to which Saint Peter Fourier, her collaborator and guide, testified on many occasions. And yet it is almost impossible to find references to this holy woman in any of the reference works. Perhaps only the religious community which she helped to establish preserved through the years her image and inspiration. And yet the Church has now, more than three hundred years after her time, placed her name among those of the elect. How fine a proof that is of the timelessness and eminence of the Catholic memory! And the Holy Father said of her: "All the virtues that are the basis of the moral and the supernatural life—faith, hope and charity, charity toward God and toward one's neighbor, prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance, with all the other virtues of which her life was the flower—have in her a most abundant and rich development, a most accurate and most perfect exemplification, a most complete and triumphant victory over all difficulties internal and external, over temptations and trials sufficient to put to the strongest test even the stanchest soul."

"IN SPITE of all the criticism leveled at the modern home, its importance in the life of the child is more generally accepted in social treatment today than twenty years ago, and much more generally than a hundred years ago." This is the high note struck in the report of Grace Abbott, chief of the federal Children's Bureau, who traces in the *New York Times* the history of its work since its creation in April, 1912. "As a result of years of practice in

the treatment of dependency," continues Miss Abbott, "there is general agreement among social workers today that no child should be removed from his own home or the custody of his own parents or parent because of poverty or illegitimacy alone. This apparently elementary policy has in fact worked a revolution in the social treatment of dependency. Money formerly available to care for children only away from their homes"—Miss Abbott gives statistics showing a startling change here—"is now used to keep the homes intact." That so sound and satisfying a development, in so vitally important a field, should be halted, even temporarily, is tragic, and full of evil omen for the future; yet none of us can be deeply surprised at what may be called Miss Abbott's low note, which immediately follows: "At this moment the case-working standards of the family welfare agencies in many cities are practically suspended because of the widespread unemployment and the consequent emergency relief. Homes are being broken up that in other circumstances would be preserved. . . . The number of children in institutions for dependent children has increased."

WE ARE all familiar, to repeat, with these facts, in drift if not in detail. We all know the depression; and besides, other specific warnings have been sounded—notably that of Miss Frances Perkins, whose prediction of a marked increase in the number of undernourished and delinquent children was recently accorded attention in these columns. But Miss Abbott speaks for the country; the magnitude of her conspectus does impress upon the imagination the widespread danger for the future in this halt and decline, as well as the sheer, pitiful loss in the present. There is no space to dwell on the subsidiary, yet very important, achievements she records, all of them closely related to the central effort to salvage the home, and many of them likewise menaced. To name them must suffice: the decrease in infant mortality due to the growth of medical centers, child health bureaus and parent education; the decrease in child labor; the decrease in delinquency due to the growth of juvenile and family courts, probation service, child guidance clinics and child welfare departments. It needs no laboring of the point to show how capital it is to us all that this complex and carefully built up effort to supplement and sustain the embattled home in its chief work, should be restored to its normal vigor and security as soon as that is humanly possible.

ONE HESITATES to blame the police for being overzealous, but certainly their activities to date in the Lindbergh case, as they come through the press, give an impression rather of willingness run wild than of purposeful coördination and control. It seems fair to assume that, in the language of Colonel Lindbergh's latest statement, "it is the policy of the police authorities that the primary motive is to accomplish the safe return of the baby"—

The Most
Important
Work

The Police
and the
Kidnappers

fair both because it makes sense, and because the police authorities, in their own statements, have given color to the assumption. But what have the police actually done? They clustered in platoons all over the Howell estate in the days immediately after the crime, when the child's parents were begging the criminals to get in touch with them. It seems to have required all of the colonel's resoluteness to keep his telephone wires private. Some of the interviews given out from police sources were, to put it mildly, very ill-advised: there was, for instance, an almost incredible one stating that the police were watching to apprehend suspicious-looking persons found buying any of the items on the diet list broadcast by the child's parents! Now comes the news that the ransom money was paid to the kidnappers, "properly identified" as such by their use of a cipher given in their first ransom note, but that the child has not been returned; and *that* is followed by the news that, when the colonel was seen flying over Marthas Vineyard (after paying the money), press despatches identified him, and the coast guard swarmed into the area. It was a maneuver perfectly calculated to keep the kidnappers' yacht away, if they had any intention of coming there to deliver up the child. It may be that it did keep them away. The press is as gravely at fault in this whole matter, of course; but after all, it is the sworn and specific business of the police to recover the baby.

A RECENT exhibition of mural decorations by Hildreth Meière at the Architectural League of New York was a pleasant demonstration of civilized artistry. Here was no straining after effect but a sure, rather aloof classicism. This aloofness gives the work a timelessness, a pure quality of being which needs no argument or explanation. It is the competent synthesis by a cultured mind of the ages of art. More of this might be expected for our own times, rather than that protesting art which goes off at a tangent, repudiating the culture of the ages, to be itself at no matter what sacrifice of beauty and the common heritage of humankind's accomplishments in art through the centuries. Hildreth Meière's work has the abstraction of mosaic and mural decoration with a note of naturalism that saves the aloofness from coldness. She makes a restrained use of gold and red and black that gives a quiet richness of effect and preserves the noble symmetries of architecture. It is a chastening of beauty on the scheme of design of the architect, rather than pictures that leap at you out of the frame. The result may well be described as a harmony of the art of the architect and the decorator. This is coming close to an ideal. Mrs. Meière's most prominent work includes the notable interiors of the Nebraska state capital; mosaics in St. Aloysius Church, Detroit, and in St. Bartholomew's, New York City; the reredos of the chapel of the convent of the Sacred Heart, Overbrook, Pennsylvania; marble mosaics in

Sure
Art

the Baltimore Trust Building, Baltimore; a brick map and a fresco, "Day in the Life of a Telephone Girl," for Number 1 Wall Street, New York, and in our estimation the one unfortunate project, a mosaic which is simply a confused plethora of red; and at the Washington Bicentennial Exhibition a charming painting, "Washington as a Boy," beautifully composed, with fine character delineation and classic repose.

BALLYHOO'S GREATEST

SOMEONE has observed, with subtle intent, that this is Lewis Carroll year. At any rate Alice could not have been more thoroughly flabbergasted by the trend of events in Wonderland than are virtually all of us by the quite incredible explosions which have destroyed once boasted normalcy. Explanations and remedies? The truth of the matter is that if some evil cabal of monsters had set out deliberately to wreck humanity's social and economic order they could hardly have done a better job. It may be that eventually we shall trace the whole sorry business to the devil—an hypothesis undoubtedly correct in so far as moral offenses or indifferences, of which he is reputedly fond, have manifestly played their part.

Yet even now the disturbance has had one good effect. It has slaughtered panaceas as ruthlessly as any one of a dozen mouth-washes are said to murder germs. The realization that men's minds have worked wrong leads even incautious people to surmise that they must henceforth work harder and more correctly. On the other hand, Sir Arthur Salter tells us that since current disorders are only man-made they can be surmounted by man. This optimistic expression of faith in the constructive powers of human nature is helpful, not merely because it is a bracer but also because it may tell us that hope lies in dampening the ardor of salesmanship for quack social and economic nostrums. Just now the champion among these nostrums, in the eyes of many people, is the great art of ballyhoo. Not that this is intrinsically sinister. Advertising is the foundation stone of commerce. Speaking in New York recently, Dr. Richard von Kühlmann declared that the copy-writer is only the mass-mind-edition of the journeyman pedler primeval. But neither he nor the pedler should be allowed to run amuck.

A convenient cross section of the relations between ballyhoo and the modern economic order is afforded by the story of the automobile industry. During a period of twenty years, this unparalleled experiment in transportation called into being a motoring public which operates some 26,000,000 vehicles having an estimated cost of \$750 each—i.e., a total of nearly \$20,000,000,000—at an average estimated traveling distance of 8,000 miles, each of which cost the traveler 6.2 cents. Over a period of ten years, this means an expenditure of nearly \$200,000,000,000 for the luxury and convenience of motor travel. In addition, one is told that during the decade beginning with 1921, fed-

eral, state and county governments expended \$11,966,000,000 for construction, resurfacing and maintenance of highways. It is interesting to compare the figures for railroads. The capital invested in Class 1 railroads is estimated at about \$25,000,000,000. It is assumed that the cost of maintenance will reach \$3,250,000,000 over a ten-year period, and that the charges for freight and passenger service will be \$60,000,000,000. On that basis, automobile travel seems just twice as expensive as railroad transportation—a fact which suffices to make evident the dimensions of the industry.

If we now inquire into what has been the effect of this development on the American citizen, we are propounding a basic question to which no complete reply can be given here. A few aspects of the answer are, however, reasonably clear. First, the automobile has been very popular. More than three-fourths of all passenger cars in the world speed over United States roads; this country produces more than four-fifths of all motor vehicles made; and the number of cars in operation is more than 3,000,000 greater than the number of telephones in service. Who has paid for this enormous automotive energy? The president of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Alvan McCauley, was quoted as saying some weeks ago: "Behind these figures are the stories of thousands of families who were willing to sacrifice luxuries and even so-called necessities in order that they might not be denied the use of their cars."

Indeed, the popularity of the automobile has been at least partly responsible for one of the most deplorable characteristics of modern travel—the large number of deaths and accidents. We shall not examine this dolorous problem here. Suffice it to say that the number of automobile accident deaths has mounted steadily since 1922, when the total was in excess of 15,000, to 1931, when the number of those killed was more than 34,000. The total number of casualties of all kinds was 860,000 in the last year. Two causes underlying this stupendous total are: first, the attraction exerted by the automobile on those who drive only at peril to themselves and others; second, the prevalence of worn-out vehicles which cannot meet the tests imposed by existing traffic conditions. Though it is probable that the huge toll of lives and property has frightened many off the road, there is still so large a demand for cheap or used cars that the impact of fear on the motor-loving public has so far been relatively negligible.

Who made the automobile popular and who paid for it? Naturally the pleasures and conveniences of motoring are so great that it is not difficult to conjure up arguments in their favor. But the harm done by selling cars to people who either could not operate them or were unable to pay for them without extraordinary difficulty is inestimable. Particularly obnoxious has been the practice of "trading in" and of course selling off again cars not fit to be on the road. And what were the reasons underlying these practices? Largely

two, one thinks: first, competition and the ideal of quantity production encouraged any and every kind of sale; second, the future of the market lay in rendering the community "motor conscious."

These developments were not the fault of the automobile industry alone. Since the manufacturers of cars used enormous quantities of raw or half-finished materials—e.g., 53 percent of all malleable iron and 82 percent of all rubber produced—trade in these materials naturally looked hopefully toward expansion of the car business. Never did anyone pause sufficiently to wonder if, in the long run, the pace of using and buying automobiles could be kept up. Industry as a whole was strongly committed to the belief that if the rate of production were maintained, profits would automatically create purchases. It was only gradually that some began to suspect that a rapidly declining agricultural prosperity might undermine the business structure at a vital point. The United States Department of Agriculture reports the net income of farming during 1930 as having been a little more than \$4,500,000,000—a sum insufficient to pay any return on the farmer's capital investment. Quite automatically, therefore, the expenditure for rural automobiles must be curtailed. And as soon as this is done, curtailment all along the line is necessary.

Even more important possibly is the fact that the growth of the motor industry radically altered the condition of labor throughout the country. It diverted hundreds of thousands of families from traditional habits of producing, maintaining and operating cars. If the amount expended by the nation on automobiles is reduced, the sums paid out in wages, commissions and profits necessarily decrease. It likewise follows that the purchasing power of this large group is diminished, with dire results. Finally—as an inevitable consequence of this process—automobile driving also directly affects labor, because the individual engineers more of his own travel, thus eliminating the railroad man and the bus operator.

The question therefore becomes: how can the automotive industry be revived again? It is often glibly assumed that only "fear" is keeping people from purchasing new cars or replacing old ones. This belief ranks with outmoded superstitions which opine that the moon is made of green cheese or that a shark's teeth can alleviate toothache. It is lack of money and not the mere supposition that it is lacking which now afflicts the average citizen. There are only two ways out: either trade as a whole must be heroically revived by creating credit and employment—which will then raise the price-level—or the nation's business must be restricted, with the help of Spartan measures, to an amount which will peg the American standard of living at a far lower level than has been visualized as yet. He who reflects on the automobile industry reflects, therefore, on the whole economic situation. What has been written here is not an analysis but only the rough outline of the picture which reality now presents.

ALBERT, THE SAINT OF SCIENCE: I

By H. A. JULES-BOIS

WE CANNOT sufficiently praise the spirit in which His Holiness Pius XI issued a "Decretal Letter," promoting at one stroke and by the short process known as *equipollent* (of equal weight or value), the canonization of the illustrious Dominican, Blessed Albert, and his elevation to the rare and high dignity of a Doctor of the Church. His contemporaries informally called him "Master Albert," notwithstanding the fact that his incomparable knowledge, prestige and virtue were upheld by posterity under the title of "Albert the Great." "Everything there was to be known, he knew," people said, adding: "In all sciences he appeared to be so divine that he could be hailed as the wonder and the miracle of his time." Others proclaimed him "a shining torch" (*lucerna ardens*).

Such eulogies have a background and a meaning. The twenty-eighth Doctor of the Church deserves them by his untiring genius, his surprising anticipations and the molding influence he had on the mind of his epoch; even now his life and work have a message for us. First, Albert represents science in harmony with spirituality. Adapting to him a sentence which the Pope quoted from Ecclesiasticus, "In the treasures of *his* wisdom was understanding." Furthermore, because of his missionary life as a wanderer in obedience to his superiors, because of his holy, cosmopolitan and diplomatic character, and because of his successful interventions to pacify disputes public and private, men of good-will, today as of old, can look to him profitably.

Not only are saints born on earth by a providential decree, but their canonization also corresponds to the actual needs of the world. So with Albert. Nowadays when science arouses enthusiasm everywhere, Pius, the Pontiff of the age, himself a distinguished scholar, often pays homage to modern inventions; thus he was the first to use the radio in the Vatican. He owed it to himself, if I dare say so, to give to this popular bent a saintly patron, the very founder of modern science. Many experimenters of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries deny the Divine source of human powers; but Albert, though a staunch advocate of the rights of reason, never forgot its limitations and he clearly distinguished between the achievements of science and the truths of faith.

Born at Lauingen, in Swabia, of the military family of the earls of Bollstoedt (some say at the close of the twelfth century, others suppose in the beginning of the thirteenth), Albert studied the liberal arts and

The marked revival of interest in Thomistic philosophy necessarily leads to a new and deeper appreciation of the work of his illustrious master, whom the Church has recently declared a saint and a doctor. In the following paper—the first of two—M. Jules-Bois studies the work of Saint Albert against the background of our own time, showing that he was saint, thinker, scientist and citizen all at the same time, and in a sense characteristic of our age. It is a subject of the greatest importance which has several times been emphasized by the present Pontiff, Pius XI.—The Editors.

the natural sciences at Padua. In 1221 he entered the Dominican Order. Soon, as a teacher of theology and philosophy, he was delegated to Ratisbon, Cologne and Strasburg; then he went to Paris à la Tour St. Jacques, to receive his doctor's degree.

There he sojourned three years and had innumerable disciples, among them the young Brother Thomas whose nascent genius he was the first to discover; later on this pupil became his assistant, companion and dearest friend. In that century the thirst for learning was unquenchable. The lecture-rooms were too small to contain the crowds of youths attracted to the "City of Philosophers." A historian of the time describes the students sitting in the streets on litters of straw, at the feet of their masters, and discussing with them the things of heaven and earth. Albertus Magnus spoke frequently in a public square that still bears his name, Place Maubert (a contraction of "Master Albert").

From Paris he went to Cologne, followed by Thomas. In about 1254, he was appointed provincial of his order in Germany; therefrom, in 1256, he journeyed to Rome to defend the mendicant orders against Guillaume de St. Amour. Pope Alexander IV conferred high favors on him, made him "master of his palace," and insisted that he accept the bishopric of Ratisbon. Albert obeyed (1260), though he was by nature reluctant to accept honors and did not value the miter and the crosier of the prelate more than the wallet and the staff of the monk. This trait of character was another similarity of *Doctor Universalis* to *Doctor Angelicus*. But Albert had, none the less, to exercise his outstanding practical gift and his varied skill in affairs for the benefit of the Church. One of his most astounding accomplishments was to find time to write his twenty-one folios or thirty-eight quartos, thick and close-printed, amid so many journeys to arbitrate in disputes between the new democracy of German towns and the nobility and the clergy. In that time warring was the rule. "Today," as the Holy Father noted, "everyone wants peace but nobody can agree about the way to get it." With a kind adroitness, Albert did not omit the "only real way—justice and charity."

After having devoted all his zeal to the reform of his diocese, he begged the Pope to permit him to resign his pastoral charge and to return to Cologne as merely a teacher. His demand was granted; and in his preferred town, from his oratory and laboratory,

Albertus Magnus defeated the heretics and compelled pagan metaphysics to serve the revealed truth; meanwhile he also paved the way to Newton and Pasteur. From time to time he interrupted his spiritual and scientific work to devote his tremendous energy either to preaching the Eucharist, or deepening the sweet life of Christian contemplation in towns and monasteries. Always a faithful servant of the Popes, he not only aroused the crusading spirit in Germany against the shamelessness of the Saracens, but his whole existence was a crusade to liberate truth from its tomb.

In the year 1270 he sent to Paris a victorious memoir which immensely aided Saint Thomas in his controversy with the Averrhoists and Siger de Brabant. Pope Gregory called on him to attend in 1274 the Council of Lyons, of which he was to be the oracle. On the way he was almost overwhelmed by news of the death of Brother Thomas at Fossanuova. His spiritual son was no more! He lamented him movingly, repeating over and over that "he was the flower and the glory of the world." He never quite recovered from this sorrow. In his old age, Albert shed many tears whenever the name of his friend was uttered or his memory recalled. While the Holy Ghost poured His rays on the serenity of his brow, the inexhaustible tenderness of Jesus crucified abode in his heart. He had "the gift of tears."

When Albert learned that Étienne Tempier was attacking the doctrine and memory of his great pupil, Thomas, the old lion roared. In vain the kind Friars, trembling for his age, the fatigue of a trip and the vehemence of a polemic, tried to restrain him from going to Paris. But he was inflexible. Seldom was heard such a sweeping vindication as that he delivered from the pulpit of the Friars Preachers in the University of Paris. He took as his text, "What praise is it for one living if he be celebrated by the dead?" In his opinion, the others and even himself, though living, were, when compared to Thomas, dead, whereas the immortal Thomas was really the living one. Whether they praised or criticized Thomas, declared he, mattered little. The Brother from Aquino was receiving in heaven the sole appreciation worthy of his accomplishments. The assembly was thrilled. This discourse was not a defense but rather a Christian apotheosis. What a lesson—this old man humbling, beneath the heavenly splendor of his pupil misknown and unjustly persecuted on earth, all the learned ones and himself, who was now recognized as *Doctor Universalis*, an equal to the greatest in the past! From his inflamed eloquence a potent spark was to survive, to kindle an enthusiasm which did not die out from that time till the present century, when a Thomist renaissance is gradually progressing. Then through the lips of Albert the Church formulated her oracles.

Only when his task was over, death prevailed. But the Christian world was built, like an immense and eternal basilica whose stony symbol was the cathedral of Cologne, planned by this incomparable genius. At

the age of seventy-four, *Lucerna ardens* was extinguished on earth.

In order to understand fairly well the prominent rôle played by the holy Swabian, one has to consider the state of general culture in the beginning of the thirteenth century. Human thinking was at its turning point. Since Abelard's dialectical acuteness, it was suspected that the flag of rationalism and even of rampant "new thought" had been planted somewhere on the mountain of St. Genevieve. On the other hand, many pious and timorous persons were spreading a kind of contempt for reason and learning in religion. Saint Anselm and others had strengthened the foundations of belief and rehabilitated the Occidental intelligence distorted by rhetors at the end of the Roman Empire and obscured by the invasion of barbarians. But still new problems were rising. Natural reason wanted to assert its rights to philosophize, "in connection with revealed religion indeed, but independently and according to its own proper rules."

Scholasticism had produced distinguished professors, like Pierre Lombard and Guillaume de Champeaux; yet the vivifying flame was lacking. In the thirteenth century, a well-balanced, clear-cut, logical and organized philosophy was needed. Without being identified with theology, this philosophy should be linked with it, and thus become the preamble of faith. To that end, an authority was sought from the past and a strong Christian sieve to separate the tares from the wheat. Plato was illuminating, but still too mythical and not coherent enough to rescue the European mind from chaos. Aristotle was the man, being essentially "the philosopher."

Unfortunately, at that time, his writings were disfigured and perverted by Arabs. Consequently his books had been vigorously condemned and strictly prohibited. Nevertheless Albertus Magnus undertook fearlessly to promote a philosophy based on them. This, a temerity in the eyes of many, proved to be, in fact, a stroke of genius and a success. The Swabian master possessed the absolute confidence of ecclesiastical powers; his *magna opera* were classified among the *originalia*; Roger Bacon went so far as to denominate him an *auctor*, i.e., an authority. He alone could win public opinion and, moreover, purge the peripatetic thought of its pagan stains and deteriorations. And he dared to do it.

Not an "Augustinian" after the manner of the faction then boasting this name, Saint Albert was still a maintainer of true Augustinism; he could be called a Platonist, too, with qualifications. He did not yield anything of his tenets in adopting and, if I may say so, in "baptizing" the preceptor of Alexander and of the ancient world. In *La Revue Thomiste*, Père Mandonnet put the thing fairly when he wrote: "By amalgamating Plato with Aristotle, Saint Albert and Saint Thomas reorganized the Augustinian dogma, supplying a more solid basis and furnishing a more systematic arrangement." So modern philosophy was born. Its

maturity was the accomplishment of Thomas, but the origin and the orientation were Albert's. Not only the Church but all mankind owe their gratitude to *Doctor Universalis* for having foreseen that Aristotelianism, despite its profanities and errors, could become, after revision, the massive force of the past, helping to build the indestructible fortress of the future.

And Aristotle, though the most important, was not the only one to be utilized; the Talmudist and cabalist rabbis, the Arabians Avicenna and Averrhoes, also a multitude of others, he analyzed, scanned, deterged, sifted and assorted. Wherever he found anything beautiful, true or beneficent, he took hold of it and dedicated it to Christ. His works, collected in 1661, are tantamount to a huge encyclopaedia in twenty-one folios, and make thirty-eight thick, close-printed quarto volumes. They contain extensive information about secular sciences, in which he was an expert and a creator, as well as theological dissertations, philosophical essays, sermons, lectures, tracts on psychological, moral and spiritual subjects—a treasure house of knowledge, wisdom and enlightenment.

Just as "Saint Paul planted and Apollos watered," it may be said that Thomas cultivated the good grains which Albert sowed. There is time for everything, states the Book of Wisdom. Each man, above all each saint, has his special duty. In view of permanently building architectural metaphysics, Albert knew that his life was too busy and intricate not to need a disciple of genius who could, following his preliminary draft, put it into perfect execution. Consequently there is no doubt of his joy when he met in Paris the new "Albertist," the young monk from Aquino whom he welcomed as a godsend.

Biographers agree that "Saint Thomas's friendship with Saint Albert reads like a mediaeval romance." Still more was it a foremost example of unequalled collaboration. In life and death, in companionship and separation, in trial and in glory, they are united. And this, by reason of their mutual modesty, their love of God, their loyalty to the Church and, more than that, providential planning. They forgot themselves in the beauty of their task. "Non nobis sed tibi, Domine!" is the slogan of the saints. They prefer to celebrity the privilege of being unknown. In that spirit the cathedrals were built and "The Imitation of Christ" was written. No author's pride, but undying eagerness in the propagation of truth. For the saints, the only thing that counts is service rendered to God.

In obedience to so high an ideal and with such a thorough personal disinterestedness, teaching is like a spiritual and fecund fatherhood. This explains the secret of fertility in Albert's educational, intellectual and moral instructions. This secret has been revealed and transmitted to us by a commentary of the great disciple who did not tarry in becoming a great master. The office of a teacher, as suggested by Saint Thomas, comprises two obligations: first, infusing "discipline" into the intelligence and habits of the student; then,

instilling in his soul an impulse toward "inventiveness"—"creativity." "Discipline," on the part of the teacher, consists in furnishing information and a method of coördinating it. By "inventiveness" or "creativity" is meant not trying to make of the scholar a reflection of his master, but rather helping him to be a master, in his turn, by quickening his natural originality, so that he can become independent and think by himself. Such a schooling is well defined as the reform and the perfecting of our character and mentality (discipline), and afterward the awakening of superconsciousness (originality, creation, invention).

Though having acquired and assimilated philosophical pabulum in the Academy of Plato for twenty years, Aristotle, after his master's death, was at odds with him. But Albert and Thomas enjoyed, without any unrest, a kind of soul-unity with a diversity of talents; they exchanged mutual comprehension, harmony, veneration and inspiration. Thomas à Kempis is right in advising us not to dispute which of the saints is more sublime. They represent a majestic variety of greatness. "They are all one," said he, "through the bond of charity; they have the same sentiment, the same will, and all love each other as one." Saint Thomas greater appears by the teaching received from Saint Albert; on the other hand Saint Albert loses nothing in giving all he had to Saint Thomas. Together they rise higher. Thus one can pay the tribute of admiration to *Doctor Universalis*, as such, without by any means lacking reverence for *Doctor Angelicus*.

A panegyrist of the latter has written:

The two joined their hands and went steadily ahead. Without the inspiration of Saint Albert, Thomas might have remained "the placid and dumb ox" his friends thought him to be. Albert knew better. Thomas became his beloved disciple, as dear to him in death as in life. . . . He needed just such an enthusiastic teacher of encyclopaedic learning to stimulate his genius and broaden his outlook.

In his "Philosophie du moyen âge," Étienne Gilson remarks:

Without the formidable and fertile labor of his master, the disciple, for all his lucidity of thought, would have been forced to consecrate most of his efforts to long research.

The papal bull solves the problem; the paragraph runs as follows:

Albert preceding him, Thomas Aquinas reached the heights of perennial philosophy and the highest summit of sacred theology. . . . But it was Albert who blazed the trail. . . . Under God therefore we owe to Albertus Magnus the "Summa Theologica" of Saint Thomas.

Here is a reflection on earth of the Communion of Saints in heaven.

Editor's Note: This is the first part of a two-part article.

GERMANY ELECTS A PRESIDENT

By MAX JORDAN

ON THE tenth of April the eighty-four-year-old Field-marshal was elected President of the German Republic for another seven years' term. The grand old man of Germany may live it through. His friends have been pointing out in the course of the election campaign that Kaiser William I was still in power at the age of ninety-one. Why should not Hindenburg be just as fit? Now that he stands like a rock in the midst of the political turmoil that sweeps his country, he is really indispensable to stem the tide of radicalism. No other leader enjoys his authority and popularity, none would under present circumstances succeed in keeping the German people within the bounds of reason.

For sixty-one years has Paul von Hindenburg served his country. And so far he has not once felt the need of taking the waters of either Gastein or Karlsbad! He goes a-hunting, has his daily walking exercise, and the regular life which he leads when in Berlin agrees with him very well. Whoever heard his voice over the radio during the past few weeks can testify to its vigor. A soldier such as he is cannot think of retirement in the midst of battle, and his interest in the affairs of state seems to increase with his age. This old general had known little of politics when he was chosen for the Presidency seven years ago. One must remember that in 1919 he was commander-in-chief of the Imperial Army. And even a year after the armistice he was still under the unfortunate influence of his hot-headed war companion, Ludendorff. Many will never forget Hindenburg's testimony before the Reichstag Committee of Inquiry and his support of the legend that Germany's army was "stabbed in the back" in the last stage of the war.

That the nationalistic parties should select him as their standard-bearer was, then, natural enough. But since he has been in political office, Hindenburg has been heart and soul a non-partizan leader of the nation, and has probably found it necessary to change his views on many subjects. Old he was as a military leader, but not as a statesman. He retired as a soldier when he settled down in the Seelhorststrasse mansion presented to him, as their honorary burgess, by the city fathers of Hanover. But as a statesman he found an invigorating new task in the Wilhelmstrasse. New problems came to his attention. His activities were entirely different from those of former years. Indeed, politics, for the old general, meant rejuvenation! And though advanced in years physically, he has remained as mentally fresh and intellectually active as many a younger man.

However, all these considerations did not weigh sufficiently with a majority of the German voters. There can be no disputing the fact that a little over 50 per-

cent were in favor of the opposition groups, Right and Left. Neither can it be denied that Hitler's party has almost doubled its strength since the Reichstag election eighteen months ago, and has become numerically the most powerful party in the Reich. This is witnessed by the fact that 70 percent of the German population, that is, 44,000,000, are inscribed as voters (23,000,000 being women) and that 37,500,000 participated in this last election. Almost 14,000,000 of the voters, who would have supported Hindenburg seven years ago, have this time cast their ballots for the opposition candidates of the Right (Hitler and Duesterberg). The emotional impulse of the Hitler movement has definitely become a primary factor in German politics.

The New York *World* justly remarked at the time Hindenburg first became a presidential candidate: "Hindenburg symbolizes the refusal of the German people to occupy permanently an inferior position in Europe." Today the Hitler movement has the same meaning, with only one reservation. Fundamentally, both the backers of Hindenburg and those of Hitler agree that the inferior position of their country in Europe must no longer be tolerated. But they disagree as to the methods which ought to be adopted to achieve the common goal. After all, this last election is but the climax of an evolution which began at the very moment the Versailles Treaty was signed. It is worth while to consider that in order to fully understand the present situation.

Ever since Versailles German foreign policy has been guided by only one thought: to bring about a revision of the peace terms which, all Germans felt, had been forced upon them unjustly and against reason. Social Democrats, Democrats, Centrists and Nationalists were unanimous in proclaiming this as the immediate and most important object of their foreign policies, for to all parties the maintenance of the Versailles status meant a permanent humiliation, and its revision had become a matter of life and death for the nation. In the years immediately following the defeat there was obviously no choice as to the best method for achieving this end. Militarily and economically prostrated, Germany could offer only passive resistance, and she was considerably handicapped through the vital requirements of inner stability and the need of reestablishing normal trade relations with the outside world.

The small group of firebrands to whom these objections meant nothing recommended a fight to the finish with the high-sounding slogan, "Rather an end with terror than terrors without end." But they found no echo among the exhausted masses who were looking for nothing but peace and tranquillity, worn out and disillusioned as they were from the war. Eventually Dr. Joseph Wirth, the Centrist leader and Chancellor, to-

gether with Walter Rathenau as Foreign Minister inaugurated what was euphemistically called "the policy of fulfilment."

Most of the objections the National Socialists are now levelling against the "Bruening system" really draw their origin from a fundamental misconception of the "fulfilment" theory. Obviously, Wirth and Rathenau were no less opposed to the Versailles stipulations than Hindenburg and Bruening are opposed to them today. But they realized that the only hope for a peaceful revision of the treaty lay in its practical *reductio ad absurdum*. Through fulfilling, the impossibility of fulfilment was paradoxically to be shown. Reparations being a pivotal point, the experiment was carried out then and there. The vanquished had no other weapon but their weakness. The inflation of the German currency ensued. All established values went topsyturvy. Thus bankruptcy, not of the debtor's free will, but forced upon him through circumstances, stood at the beginning of the revisionist evolution, which really has never stopped since.

The Dawes and Young plans were stages in that evolution. The meetings of Locarno and Chequers and the many others of their type, too numerous to be mentioned, helped to build bridges across the deep gulf of misunderstanding. The Rhineland was evacuated. Progress was actually being made in readjusting conditions upset through war and peace-making. But the process was slow and tiresome, in particular from the viewpoint of the younger generation which had grown up since the end of the war. That generation naturally refused to be held responsible for the consequences of the defeat and to carry burdens which their fathers had contracted against their own will. In addition, the world economic crisis had put a sudden end to the loan "boom" of the Dawes and Young eras. The credit volume inside of Germany became contracted in such a measure that the circulation of the financial lifeblood of the nation was almost stopped. Exports decreased, unemployment increased and with it the misery and desperation of the masses, which naturally enough vented their feelings in turning to the demagogues who promised relief if only they were raised into power.

All these factors, as is now commonly known, were bitterly accentuated in the course of the past year. The nervous exhaustion of the people grew into hysteria with a great many. The hopelessness of the situation made all appeals to reason appear devoid of common sense to those who had to bear the brunt of the formidable impact of the crisis. Thus millions joined the ranks of Hitler, while thousands gave up their old party affiliations, refusing to be patient and miserable any longer. Bruening had devised his foreign policy at long range, trusting that eventually the German position would be justified by events, and that the creditor nations would recognize the necessity of radical remedies. But prudence is no argument with empty stomachs. Bruening was forced to publish

earlier than he wished, his statement that no further reparation payments could be expected from Germany. And the Lausanne Conference was almost immediately postponed for five months.

The Hindenburg election is the answer. Both the reëlection of the President and the enormous gain of the Hitler party show that the protagonists of "fulfilment" have definitely lost out. As a matter of fact, it might be questioned whether there are any such protagonists left. The attitude of half of the German voters is now one of open defiance or of deliberate advocacy of the *après nous le déluge* recipe. All hope for peaceful revision of the Versailles Treaty and for the restoration of normal economic conditions through the means of parliamentary democracy, and international diplomacy is thus abandoned by a large section of the German people.

As there is no betterment in sight, this section will no doubt further increase in number. The state elections in Prussia, Bavaria and Wuerttemberg on April 24 will bring further gains to the Hitlerites. Radicalism will be more rampant than ever. But with all that Hindenburg remains at the helm. His election means, more than anything else, a last chance for a reasonable adjustment of the most pressing problems of Europe. It means in particular a chance for France. Until very recently things were seen in Paris quite in a different light. Even now there are responsible French leaders who are inclined to call the German difficulties a bluff. France's deep distrust of Germany probably constitutes the most intricate of the problems to solve. But on its solution depends Europe's destiny. Indeed, Germany is not bluffing. Her people are desperate, exhausted and prepared for the worst. Many honestly believe that French policy has as its primary goal the destruction of Germany. Just as many French honestly believe that Germany is scheming for a new war of revenge. Is there no hope of eliminating these panicky feelings on both sides, feelings not justified by facts? Is there no chance left for Europe to make real peace?

The Hindenburg election and Hitler's success show a trend which may lead to disastrous events. But there is still time for the correction of past mistakes, on all sides. After the German state elections there will be elections in France. Then the statesmen must enter into action. The Lausanne and the Disarmament conferences both offer golden opportunities. No doubt ought to be entertained as to the danger of a German collapse. Even with reparations left out of consideration, the service on long- and short-term private loans from abroad, and especially from America, requires the payment by Germany of some \$500,000,000 a year. At this moment no official or banker in Germany can tell how these payments can continue without destroying German currency once more. Help can only come from immediate relief through a thorough and fundamental revision of the whole complex question of international political debts. The very prospect of

such a revision would alleviate the crisis and bring back confidence and hope for the future, whereas now there is nothing but deepest pessimism with all that it involves.

Another three months' respite is given—one more chance for the statesmen of the world, on the verge of a catastrophe which might definitely put out of gear our prevailing economic system. Ivar Kreuger's death is a *menetekel*. His business was not bankrupt. But he could not afford to wait for the repayment of credits which, as compared to the totality of his enterprises, would almost have been insignificant to him under normal circumstances. Germany is in exactly that same position today. And Austria and all of southeastern Europe are in the same boat with her. Already some German municipalities have had to use certificates for the payment of doles to the unemployed. These certificates are not taken as currency by the banks, but they circulate back to the municipal treasuries for the payment of taxes. Thus the vicious circle is completed. But after a little while—it is actually a matter of weeks—such temporary expedients will not help any further.

In a recent address delivered at DePauw University in Greencastle, Indiana, Mr. Ivy Lee had this to say:

In my personal judgment the whole scheme of reparations and interallied debts is a corpse, and the only real question is, when will the funeral be held and what will be the inscription placed upon the tombstone? If the patient is not dead, certainly he is hanging on to life by a very slender thread.

No doubt, a good surgeon could help, but only if the operation is performed at once. That it would be painful, goes without saying. Severe cuts are unavoidable. But rather than loose everything, why not submit voluntarily to a thorough readjustment? It is better to relieve toothache by filling the tooth while there is yet time, instead of waiting until only an extraction will help. Germany may even have to extract her aching teeth herself, if the creditors do not make up their minds soon to take the steps which will become more difficult if delayed any longer. And such extractions might involve serious convulsions of the economic system of the world and a great many potshards in Europe.

Let us hope that the worst consequences of the folly of European politics since the end of the war can yet be avoided. But it is the twelfth hour. Hindenburg's election gives a last respite.

ENTASIS

By ALICE BROWN

AMONG the beautiful exactitudes of architecture is entasis, that mystery whereby the shape of a column made absolutely straight would appear to the eye concave. Therefore does the cunning artificer meet the eye half-way, cajole it, through a compensating trick of his own, and make the shaft slightly convex. The deluded vision responds; it sees the column straight.

Now it occurred to a curious pundit of the mind before whom this expedient was talked of, to apply it, after his custom with all actualities, to things metaphysical, and he asked if entasis might not be also pertinent to character. Is not the truth, as touching fine shades of social and mental processes, not clarifying but befuddling, if you tell it in the wrong way, a way to upset balances and destroy the relation of interdependent laws? There is, he said, a sort of man who has ceased telling the truth in any authoritative manner because he has dwelt on facts with such an intentness as to have rendered himself insensitive to the Truth behind them. He has lost the vision of her, the merest glimmer of her garments. And how should he not have lost her when he is so occupied in driving before him that other mistress who is also a slave, grim realism, she whom he has himself clothed in rags of captivity? He cannot, on that straight path where he is taking her, to his and her unknown destination, stop to rejoice in the life-giving illusions of the way. He cannot see the forest for the trees.

And what effect is it going to have on him, this journeying away from Truth as he does not see her with Reality whom he thinks he sees? He is perfectly assured in his convictions, he is as diligent in his task as the poets at theirs: only they splash the world with colors of twilight and dawn, and the rapture of green leaves, and he is as like as not to be perpetuating the monstrosity of nostrums on sign-boards. To him the sparrow "singing at dawn on the alder bough" is a bird, no more, no less. If you asked him to describe the "primrose by a river's brim" he would give you its botanical name and a short disquisition on its habits. And he would be perplexedly dissatisfied with Mr. Wordsworth for that metrical discontent of his over the inexplicability that it should be "nothing more," and drown out the poet, if he could, with his own useful data on the *genus primulacae*.

Now however little such a man does for us in his self-imposed imprisonment with facts, what is he also doing for himself? One thing at least: he is getting muscle-bound in the vigorous exercise of a too athletic virtue. He is sworn to tell you the truth. That is admirable: but need that trained arm and hand of his always act so unerringly as to hit you in the eye? He is like the parent of an elder day who whipped the child to stamp on his mind a memorable place or happening.

"This is the truth," says our gentleman, "but you won't take it in unless I give it to you so hard as to draw blood."

He tells you, unsolicited, that John, who is a young man and is poor, loses no opportunity of offering a sustaining arm to Jonas, who is old and rich. And, he adds, these filial rites are to one purpose. John knows what he is about. He sees on which side his bread is buttered. Now you, too, suspect beyond the verge of certainty these canny wiles of John; but you deplore them. You want to hide them, cover them up, so that John's guardian angel himself sha'n't see them and ring the alarm bell for Nemesis, who really may not have to come at all. You believe John has an eye to the money-bags, but you can't prove it until such time as he be brought to the bar of something more clarifying than suspicion; so why not drape the fact of his kindness in the veil of a gentler charity? For if he is indeed pinching his feet for dead men's shoes so that they halt grievously, who knows but long tendance on Jonas (who is an old dear, it must be remembered) may shame his despicable foresight, and he may throw away that mortuary foot-gear, to run straight? But if this truth-teller of ours has advertised John's potential baseness abroad, so many more chances are there for his running crooked. The very airs of day and night are heavy with suspicion. He breathes in the poison whence ill deeds are made. Kent, bound by old fealty to his master, Lear, was an abominable truth-teller. He, says Cornwall, is a man

Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness. . . .

He cannot flatter, he;
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth.

"But," objects the unimaginative moralist, "is not truth the most admirable of virtues, the virtue, the courage whereon are built, like crenellated battlements on a firm foundation, all that becomes a man?" Ah, but what if the foundation loom so high and sink so deep, stone upon stone, like Etruscan masonry, that its rude exterior is all the eye can compass without craning? And what stiff necks we get from too strained a gaze! Why not, at least, plant vines about the base, enough to beguile the eye in sweet coverts of light and shadow, so that, traveling upward indeed, it feeds on pleasure? What if old Kent had once even gone to a smoke talk of a society of architects and heard them tell how impossible it is to make a straight shaft by making it straight, but the intricate jugglery of art must come in here as everywhere, if the autocratic eye of man is to be met and the brain of man be fed? He might have drawn his moral, or some brooding Jacques sitting by might have drawn it for him: that in the interests of beauty, in the service of loyalty, he should have overlaid his "saucy roughness" with the sweet magic of that common earth wherein human intercourse sprouts and flourishes, and sowed in it the seeds of little kind suavities.

But, in draping truth to her own adornment, it is even as with the waves of the sea: "Thus far shalt thou go." The architect must hollow out his column,

but if he dig too deep he has committed as actual an error as if he came "tardy off." Mr. Henry James, who loves his Balzac with an entirety not even frayed by slight breaks of amused recognition of his author's amazing defects, says of Balzac's "consummate Parisiennes" that he endowed them especially with the liberty of telling lies. Here is entasis with a vengeance! They were not straight, but they had every resource at command, as a woman has on her toilet table all conceivable unguents and artifices, to endow her with graces more beguiling, at least to the sophisticated eye, than that "shortest line between two given points" which is absolute probity.

He says, as to Balzac's attitude, not of tolerance but of reconciliation to their duplicities: "This exquisite and elaborate mendacity he considers the great characteristic of the finished woman of the world." All these women "have a terrible entanglement of life behind the scenes."

But Mr. James is very good to us who are not so clever as he nor so clever as Balzac. He refuses to juggle with our moral interrogations. When we are all amorphous wondering whether these ladies of high artificialities are really the product of a finer civilization than our Puritan yea and nay, he brings us down to bread and apples and sweet sound things again by poking a little gentle fun at them. He does not for a moment encourage us to believe that this complexity of mind and manner is even slightly contributory to beauty of behavior in any high degree. He even says, Balzac's aristocracy "really seem at times to be the creatures of the dreams of an ambitious hairdresser, who should have been plying his curling tongs all day and reading fashionable novels in the evening."

And there you are with one color showing up fiercely against its complement and heat denying cold: the eternal paradox which is living. We no sooner plume ourselves on this small metaphysical fantasy than we repudiate it, toss our simile of entasis into the abyss of things half proven and swear the universe is built on truth and it is the devil himself who is the Father of Lies, and there's an end on't.

"But softly," the inner monitor chides, she who was so taken with this universality of entasis until she had time to think it over, "not too fast nor too far. Despise not that homespun handmaid, Reality. Tell the truth, but set about attaining also that nothing-too-much of the Greeks whereby you may offer it with sweetness and moderation. Drape the skeleton of fact, but delicately, so that you leave unimpeded the play of muscle underneath. Hollow out the shaft of your column, but set the column straight on as firm a foundation as God Himself has laid for the pillars of His law. Dear, foolish speculator on things unseen, you may have your little plaything of entasis, your child's toy of fancy. Only don't carry it too far. For Fancy is a headlong nag, and the cups slung to her saddle-bow need to be of enduring metal, or they'll be broken."

WHAT NEXT?

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

FORETELLING the future is lots of fun, and as Elmer Davis says in his article in *Harper's* a few months ago, "I do not know, but heartened by the conviction that I cannot be much more wrong than the experts, I might venture a few guesses." If the movement away from the cities continues along its present course, the next census may hold up before our eyes a column of figures that will astonish even the least conservative of us.

The main highways, as now laid out, may not change their position to any marked extent, the chief difference being that every front foot along their course will be occupied by factories, stores, hotels, apartment houses and public buildings of every sort. Where the highways intersect, the population will naturally be the thickest. Fifth Avenue may retain as many as one thousand inhabitants to the mile, while certain stretches of highway where conditions are not quite so desirable, may have hardly more than half that number, though I doubt if the difference will be so great as that. Just back of these connecting blocks of buildings, there will be landing fields along both sides, then a strip of cultivated land, and back of that, orchard, meadow and pastureland, thinly sprinkled with farmhouses, summer resorts, camps, hunting reserves, etc.

The road itself will be used entirely by trucks, necessary for the transportation of supplies too heavy and bulky for airplanes to carry. The displacement of automobiles by airplanes will depend wholly upon the reaction of the crowd, and not in the least on safety. If anyone had told me thirty years ago that the popular use of automobiles would increase until the average number of dead and wounded to their credit would outnumber that of any war recorded in our history, I should most certainly have classed him as crazy. Nor will the increased cost have anything to do with it, if we can take the increasing use of the automobile as a scale to go by. Ten years ago, when farming was still a profitable occupation, not one farmer in ten felt that he could afford one, while now there is hardly one farmer in ten who is without one, though he must scrimp and save along all other lines in order to maintain it. I have been looking over the selectmen's report of this and neighboring towns, and at a rough guess would estimate the cost of highways and schools at the present time at something like \$150 for each family, paid out in yearly taxes, and freed from this expense, the farmer will have just so much more to pay for running his plane.

All roads, with the exception of the endless city streets, which will extend from one ocean to the other, and from the sub-arctic regions down to the Gulf of Mexico, will be abandoned, relieving to a very considerable extent the now overburdened taxpayer. Every-

one will go to his or her work in airplanes, which will tend to hasten the abandonment of the now overcrowded cities. Any attempt to solve the problem of airplanes crowding into the towns in numbers exceeding, or at any rate equaling, that of the automobiles of today would, I think, be utterly futile.

The farmers in the hill country, freed from the greater part of their tax burden, will depend more and more on raising their own supplies, and less on growing crops for sale, doing their work with horses and oxen, which, where cultivated areas are of limited extent, do the work as cheaply as trucks and tractors, and are supported by grain and fodder grown on the farm. What surplus the farmer does have to sell will be delivered by airplane, as will be the relatively small quantity of necessities which he has to buy. For fuel and lumber he will depend on his own woodlot, the neglected country roads being still usable for horses and oxen both in summer and winter. The home-made ox sled with long wooden runners four inches thick, makes a track through any ordinary snow which the sleigh can easily follow, and after wireless heat has come into general use, the woodland—no longer called upon to supply fuel—will increase until it borders the roadway on both sides for its entire length, and prevent the snow from drifting. Even after the worst snow storms, a road through thick woods can be broken out to make good sledding, by an ox sled with log chained crosswise beneath the runners and dragged along by several yoke of oxen.

The present tendency in the direction of large-scale farming may become general where wide stretches of cultivatable land make it possible, but in rough, hilly country, fruit-raising and dairying appear to be the only types of farming practicable along that line. The tendency in that direction in the case of the milk farmer has been slow and gradual, but has already reached the point where any farmer supplying milk to any of the big milk companies is neither more nor less than their hired man with less power of discretion and choice of how he shall do his work than has the hired man who works for him. The natural reaction to this would be for the farmers to market their milk direct to the consumer, and so get the advantage of the retail price, but in order to forestall this, the companies have arranged for the passing of certain state laws, which apparently will in time compel all milk producers to sell their entire product at wholesale price, and buy back from the same concern at retail price whatever milk they require for family use. The small independent dealers who have been in the way of buying and selling on a small scale, are also being crowded out by these same laws. As things are now, about the only way for the farmer to be independent would be to go

back as far as practicable to the ways of his grandfather, raising supplies first for home consumption, and second for the market, reversing the Dutchman's rule, "Sell everything you can; feed the rest to the hogs, and what the hogs won't eat, feed to the family." Overproduction of farm produce has been encouraged of late years by the attempt to persuade the farmer to reduce the area under cultivation, without taking into consideration the fact that he is the last lingering remnant of our race still possessed of individuality.

Being an individual, the farmer when instructed to cut in half his acreage of wheat or corn, cotton or potatoes, very naturally decides to take advantage of the reduction, and plant twice as much of that particular crop. By reversing this rule and urging the farmer on to increased acreage, at times when there is no actual promise of increased demand in sight, such as comes with war and pestilence, overproduction might easily be forestalled, but care should be taken not to overdo it, in order to avoid the possibility of scarcity and famine. During the present general depression it has been suggested from time to time that families of the unemployed might retire to abandoned farms and support themselves directly from the soil, as did the early pioneers, independent of either selling or buying.

This might, I believe, be possible in some cases, and certainly the experienced farmer would have a decided advantage at this sort of thing, but there are a number of obstacles which stand in the way—obstacles far more difficult to overcome, I am inclined to think, than most of those which the pioneers had to face. The worst of these is taxes, of which the farmer pays more than his share, and which go largely for road work and construction at wages several times as high as the farmer can hope to earn, except for those limited periods when he can get employment with truck or team at this same work. Even the country school teacher—who can scarcely be considered overpaid—receives more than twice as much per hour, including all overtime work, as the farmer gets. Another obstacle lies in the present farm surroundings and soil conditions. Most abandoned farms have wood supply, such as it is, but as I mentioned in a previous article, wood from trees of any sort, which have not almost reached maturity, cannot be depended upon to hold a fire overnight, and is apt to be flashy and wasteful of heat at best. The pioneers had old forest growth well supplied with game and fish, now a thing of the past; also the land, when it was finally cleared, possessed fertility such as cannot now be acquired except by the most liberal use of farmyard dressing, or expensive commercial fertilizer combined with green crops plowed under season after season. To the virgin fertility, which had been thousands of years in the making, the pioneers added the ashes from timber felled and burned where it stood, and in this way at the same time eradicated a large portion of the weed and insect pests which might be lurking there.

For the average workman, possessed of but limited experience in farm work, the most favorable outlook

that I can visualize, would be the far-extended city street with open fields on either side, such as I have attempted to outline at the beginning of this article; these fields plowed in furrows miles in length by tractors owned and operated by the business concerns for which he worked, to be divided up into small individual plots, where after the five-hour day in shop or factory, he could work out of doors, planting, cultivating and harvesting for his own family use, whatever crops best suited his own individual taste. Such independence as could be gained in this way would far outvalue the greater yield per hour of labor undeniably to be reckoned on in coöperative farming.

The children of these families would benefit even more than would their parents by the outdoor air and sunshine. All dwellings and apartments would be on the side of the buildings away from the street, from which all passage would be barred to them. On the back country farms, some of them a hundred miles or more from any regular highway, there would of course be even more freedom to offset other disadvantages. There would be no schoolhouses or school terms or vacations, but the children would be encouraged to spend a part of the regular hours devoted to lower grade education, listening to the radio. Then there would be excursions on the family airplane and, in winter, sleigh rides and excursions on the ox sled. They would do their share of the housework and weeding, and also help in the care of young lambs and chickens, in this way getting knowledge not to be had in school, and they would also receive instruction from their elders as to the making of toys and playthings, relatives of the family being discouraged so far as possible from making them too many gifts of this sort.

State or government will control the radio, which will be timed something as follows. One hour in the morning, one at noon and one at night will be devoted to the daily news. Following the morning news despatches, say from eight o'clock until noon, the time will be given up entirely to lower grade education, attendance to which will be quite voluntary on the part of the students. For four hours in the afternoon and two in the evening the despatches will be for higher grade education. This will include lectures on art, music, science and various forms of amusement for all ages to enjoy. It may be that a limited period will be permissible for business advertisement and the stock exchange and other forms of gambling, but at any time of day or night the police force will have the power to shut off anything that happens to be going on by wireless at the time, in order to broadcast announcement of any crime or law-breaking, with description of the suspected criminals, and the direction in which they are believed to be heading.

Whether wireless heat, light and power for machinery will ever be practicable is of course open to conjecture only, but it really seems no more impossible than the achievements already made along that line. Airplanes that depended on power for propulsion broad-

cast from distant stations, might be less dependable than now, but would at least be free from fire danger from burning gas, and would only have to scale down and land as best they could if the power failed them unawares, while the farmer, running plow, harrow and reaper by wireless, might have to stop work of a sudden even more frequently than he does nowadays with the tractor. He might even decide after a few seasons to go back to ox power, slow but sure, just as more than one has of late years in this vicinity returned from tractor to oxen.

Among those who have had no experience in such matters, labor-saving machinery so-called is taken for granted as literally labor-saving, i.e., making the day's work easier, but this is not really the case; more work is accomplished, it is true, but the laborer is, as a rule, just as weary at the day's end. I have heard more than one hired man say that if he could have his choice between swinging a scythe or riding a mowing machine, he would choose the former. Running the mowing machine for a few hours is easy work, but those who have taken the job of running it all day, and day after day, are more exhausted than the hand mowers. Mowing by hand has now degenerated into the trimming out of fence corners and of low land too wet to bear the weight of the mowing machine, but half a century ago, groups of from two to a dozen skilled mowers would arrive at the meadow's edge long before sunrise and standing in line swing their scythes in perfect rhythm, first back with upturned point, then forward and down across the swathe, hour after hour in perfect time, stopping only to rewhet their scythes with the scythe rifle and then to work again. If there is any other form of skilled work or sport of any sort which calls for greater skill and coördination than this, I for one at least have never seen or heard of it.

From that time down to the present, the tendency has been continually in the same direction: skill of hand and eye, with the mind free to wander where it will, giving place more and more to the mechanical adjustment of gear and bearings, more or less automatic and unconscious, it is true, yet hardly for an instant permitting the thoughts to dwell on other things, lest it fail instantly to detect some flaw in the utterless brainless creature which is supposed to be doing the work. When I was a boy my father followed, to a certain extent, the council of the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland": "What does it matter what your body is doing? The mind goes on working just the same." For an example, when working in the hay field he made it a rule when pitching on the hay, to give a certain flourish of the pitchfork as the last forkful from each haystack was tossed on the load; by this signal, the one on the load was informed that it was time to drive along to the next cock, and in this way his mind was left free to go on studying and solving any philosophical or psychological problem which it happened to be at work on at the time, while I—leveling the hay on the load—could be studying the

ways of woodchuck, fieldmouse and birds, both by eye and ear.

Fifty years ago the country towns had no winter snow bills to pay, for the farmers all turned out after each snowstorm, and with ox team and horses and shovels for the worst drifts, soon had highway and crossroads cleared for the sleigh. Our tax bill always included a certain specified amount for the spring road repair, the roads being divided up into districts, and each farmer and his sons within each district were expected to turn out and haul gravel at a fixed price per hour, until his road tax was paid, unless he could offer reasonable excuse for paying it in cash. One member of my family who had secured a permanent position in a distant town, though still rated as resident here, happened to be at home on vacation at the time when the road work was going on, but preferred to pay his road tax rather than work it out, and after he had gone back to his city work, I heard more than one uncomplimentary remark regarding the shirking of his duty, and reference to the fact that he might have been compelled to work it out, as he was perfectly well at the time. Practically all town work, either of repair or construction, bridge-building or the repainting of town hall or schoolhouse, was accomplished in similar manner.

We have always kept a small flock of sheep on this farm, some of them, I believe, descended from sheep owned and cared for by my great-grandfather, and I can recall the time when the wool money, amounting to about \$20.00 each season, was always put away to pay the tax bill, and there was always something left over. Until within the last two years I have always been able to sell my wool for considerably more than that, and yet, though the farm property has remained practically unchanged, a flock ten times as large would scarcely furnish fleeces enough to pay the taxes during this last decade. Changes equaling or exceeding those of the last half-century will undoubtedly occur in the next, but in what direction, who can say?

There are indications on all sides of the fact that our democracy has been carried just a little too far. Would it not be better for all concerned, if both suffrage and education were to be classed as privilege rather than duty, voluntary rather than compulsory? It seems reasonably safe to assume that only those with an inborn desire for education strong enough to urge them on, are getting any real benefit from their schooling. In the matter of suffrage, anyone aspiring to that privilege should first qualify and pass an examination along certain lines. Those who pay poll tax only would, after passing the examination, have the right to vote on all matters, except appropriations and expenditures.

As things are now, the effort toward economy in town and state affairs is pretty certain to be frustrated by the poll-tax voters, who, seeing something gained and nothing lost for themselves by higher taxes, fail to realize that higher taxes must mean higher rent and cost of living in every way for all.

BOYHOOD DAYS

By HAGOP BAYTARIAN

THE LOVELIEST and the most enduring memories of life are the refreshing memories of childhood.

I will never forget Master Kazar, my school teacher, as he waved his switch in the air, then struck it on his desk to quiet the class. It was my first day at school. I was all dressed up in new clothes and shoes. The morning sun had spread its golden rays upon the horizon as my mother took me to the church and then to the school.

"Peace to all," said the priest, and the whole congregation crossed themselves.

A blue basin was built into the left corner wall of the church, below the picture of the Mother of God and the naked Child in her arms. She was looking down into this basin. A candle cast a gloomy light upon the picture. A little woman knelt before it with her arms spread toward heaven; she was praying for knowledge and enlightenment for her son. That woman was my mother.

We were out of the church and on our way to the school. I was holding my mother's arm with one hand and carrying a little pillow under my other arm, for we school children were to sit on a cement floor, covered only with a straw-matted carpet. At the school, we mounted to the second floor, which was composed of a few large classrooms and a large anteroom that served as a session room. On the first floor were storerooms for wood to burn in the classroom stoves in winter and stables for the horses of the prelate of our church.

We were standing in front of a serious-looking person, blind in one eye and hair parted on the right side; he was proud of his position, for he was highly respected. This person was none other than Master Kazar, my future teacher. My mother introduced me to him, saying: "O Master Kazar, this is my son. I want you to teach him to read and write and sing in the church. Let his flesh be yours and his bones be mine." That was all—a simple country woman's dream for her son.

Master Kazar, after receiving a gift from my mother, as is the custom in Armenia, threw such a severe glance at me that it shook my whole being, and without saying a word he showed me my place. Mother was gone. Till noon new pupils poured in, till we were about fifty in one class.

Our classroom was large and rectangular, with four large windows; oiled paper was glued in the windows where the glass was broken. Our coats and hats hung on the walls, while our shoes were carefully lined up in a corner near the door.

Next to me sat a boy named Sarkis Grigorian, but we nicknamed him Tzco, and he liked it. His father was the best butcher in town; Tzco loved to stand outside of his father's butcher shop, with a leather belt around his waist filled with butcher knives of all sizes, and shout: "Meat! Fresh killed sheep's meat! Goat's meat! Cow's meat! Meat!" Tzco had a small face, with still smaller crossed eyes, coffee-colored short-cut hair, a little nose and narrow nostrils. He always had scratches on his smooth face, for he was always scuffling with someone. He hated bees and never hesitated to chase them and ruin a beehive, so that he often came with his face and eyelids swollen so that he could hardly see. He never worried about his defects. His eyes shone and danced around as he took his seat that first morning. He was acquainting himself with his new surroundings.

A kind and serious-looking boy, with a round sun-burned face, Hrant by name, soon became the brightest boy in the class. It was astonishing how easily he could learn.

Koren, with his dirty ragged clothes, would fight with everybody. If he couldn't lick them, he would hurl a stone at them. He knew all the orchards and knew which trees ripened their fruits first, and he was the first to taste them. In summer he would steal the biggest cantaloups and melons.

Aram was too big and old for the class; he had just left plowing the field to learn to read and write.

Though Magar had nice clothes, they looked sloppy on him, because he was careless. He was too lazy even to use a handkerchief, and when he laughed his entire body shook.

"Silence," said Master Kazar, with his peculiar commanding tone and piercing glance. We all quieted down in a second. After a little pause he began: "Now, class, I want you to learn your lessons well every day. For every mistake you make, you shall receive five switches in the palm of your hands. I do not want to punish you, but children can be taught and trained only by punishment. The more you get punished, the better you will learn. You will also be punished for disobedience and mischief, whether in or outside of the school. From this day on I shall speak to you with this stick." Shaking his switch in the air he continued, "Every morning you should come to class on time, with your hands, face and ears clean, and your hair combed."

Now Master Kazar distributed among us rectangular boards with handles, on which thirty-nine letters of the Armenian alphabet were printed; then he ordered attention. He wrote the first three letters on the blackboard, stood aside and pointed them out to us with his stick and made us repeat after him time and time again: "Ayb, ben, quim" (equivalent to English a, b, q). That was our first day's lesson.

Every day Master Kazar added three new letters to our lesson, till we could say the whole alphabet by heart. Heaven knows how much punishment we received from him, till we learned that alphabet! Many a time I went home with swollen hands and feet, cursing that brute in my heart.

As we advanced, our lessons became harder and harder, and the punishment increased. We had to spell the letters in a syllable and later in a word. A barbaric way of punishing those pupils who frequently failed in their lessons was to put their feet into foot-cuffs tied to a rope in the ceiling; by pulling this rope he raised their feet in the air leaving their backs on the floor, and he switched so hard on their bare soles that, being unable to walk with swollen feet, they were carried home. We were punished for even such little things as having marbles in our pockets.

Despite his severity, Master Kazar was not a bad man at heart. He sincerely tried to teach us as much as he could, was highly religious and never spoke an unkind word to any of us. He was teaching us by the same old system that he was taught. He loved us as if we were his own children and praised the students who were more attentive to their lessons. We sat in the class according to the marks we had received. In this manner he had created a spirit of emulation among us, each aspiring to study harder and become an honor student, for which we received rewards from the school board as well as from our parents.

Master Kazar was respected by all town folks. He received many of his household necessities as presents. His flour, butter, cheese, eggs, milk and many other things were cheerfully given to him. Whenever a mother had cooked a delicate dish, there would be a share for Master Kazar. He never went home for lunch. It was always brought to him. Often several mothers would bring his lunch on the same day and he would call us to help him out.

It was springtime. Every Wednesday, if good weather per-

mitted, the entire school went on a picnic. We were up at daybreak, and as we walked to the meeting place a soft zephyr kissed our faces. The happy music of the birds broke the quiet of the dawn. Under the blue canopy of heaven was an endless green vegetation. All nature was smiling. Men with sun-burned faces, moved to the field, to earn their livelihood by the sweat of their brows. The tramping of an enormous herd of cows, oxen and water-buffaloes filled the air with dust. The herd scattered and ran wild through the plowed fields. From the distant meadow could be heard the bleatings of sheep and lambs, mingled with the soft music of the shepherd's flute. We ran up and down hills, delighted to be free, in the open air, and away from the discipline of the old school.

Spring was over. Again we were back in the dingy classroom. Tzco had an idea of how to have the school closed. His plan was to give Master Kazar such a beating that he would be sick for the rest of the season. We met to discuss this on Sunday afternoon in the most secluded place we could think of, a cave in the northern end of the town. Tzco, the author of the idea and our ringleader, thus began his speech: "Boys, this Master Kazar is beating the hell out of us; what we should do is to give him the worst beating of his life. None of us can lick him single-handed, but the whole gang can even kill him . . ."

"We should kill that brute," said Koren looking at his swollen hands. "My hands are still sore from that switch of his. If we kill him, we won't have school this year—maybe never . . ."

But Aram, who was the oldest boy in the gang, interrupted him saying: "Easy, easy—he is a married man. Which of you fools is going to support his family, if you kill him? All we want is to beat him so that he will be unable to attend the classes; then, they will have to send us home. Isn't that what we want, boys?"

"You are right," cried the whole gang, and the meeting was adjourned.

The following night we were all to be on the job. That Monday we returned to the school as usual. Although the boys were quiet, one could read our intention from the brightness of our eyes—as if saying, "Just wait, we'll get you . . ."

At last, evening came. All the boys were on their posts; and Master Kazar was coming right toward us. But there were some other persons with him whom we could not recognize as yet. As they came closer, we saw him, with his wife and two children, who were quietly walking toward home. For a moment we were astonished; then our consciences came to our assistance and prevented us from wrong-doing. Our plan had failed.

Master Kazar was gone, without noticing us in the darkness. We were standing in our places, like those who have lost their way. Suddenly Tzco broke the silence saying, "Let us go back to our cave and in the morning we can run away from home."

Again we followed our ringleader. Though it was dark, we safely reached our cave. A cold wind blew and echoed through the mountains. We were shivering from cold and it was impossible to sleep.

When morning came, we all came out of the cave to warm up under the sun. We knew it was time to go to school, but none dared to go. We knew our parents were alarmed about us, and though hungry, tired and sleepy, we dreaded to go back, for we knew we would get a good beating for escaping from home and school.

After wandering around all day, we decided to go back no matter what happened, for we were exhausted. I sneaked into

the house as quietly as I possibly could; but mother saw me going to bed. She asked me where I had been. I did not answer. Noticing my pitiful appearance, she asked no more questions, but merely prepared my supper. Oh, how I ate! In the morning, in spite of mother's plea that I was sick, dad insisted that I should dress immediately and go to school. He held me by the arm, and took me to the school himself. As we stood in the school hall, noticing the boys who were standing in a line, he pushed me toward the superintendent and said, "Here is another brat who ran away from school."

Master Kazar looked at us boys and cried in a thundering voice: "You little whelps, you don't want to go to school, eh! You will get a good punishment for this."

Before long all the boys were brought in by their parents. All the fathers insisted that we should get a good flogging and be kept in all day without food, while our mothers, who knew more about our being punished by Master Kazar, complained that he beat us too much; otherwise this would not have happened. They insisted that we should be treated more humanly.

Our parents had gone. Master Kazar ordered attention. We were trembling. Only Tzco was not afraid. The skin of his hands looked tanned and stiffened; the little devil later told me he had sneaked into a currier shop and by keeping his hands and feet in the tannery for hours, had stiffened the skin so hard that no matter how hard the teacher switched him, it didn't hurt.

The punishment for ten of us ringleaders was ten switches each, in the palms of our hands and on our bare feet; then we had to kneel on hard gravel for two hours, at the same time holding a heavy Bible above our heads. We were also deprived of our lunch and recess all day. The other boys only received five switches, and had to stand on one foot for two hours.

We passed two years in this old-fashioned school; then we went to a new school, with benches, desks and modern improvements. We had new teachers with broader knowledge and better training. But the World War soon came and shattered all of our dreams. . . .

To Ida

(Who was nursemaid where I was cook)

What brought you, brown-eyed German girl,
And foolish me, together,
And set us in a Cape Cod house
All wreathed around with weather?
Dipped us in sea-spray and rain,
And dried us in the sun again?
Threaded fragrant pine-tree needles
With sunset streamers, wound us,
Buttoned us in deep-sea fog
(Filmy, clove-pink tasseled gowns)
And gave us three full moons for crowns?
Called us at the break of day,
To give us work that seemed like play
(Ha! Our Lord and Lady rise!
Coffee bubbles, bacon fries!
Loose the laughing boy upon them!
Let the gold-haired daughter sing!
Scrape the hearth, the duster bring!)
And heaped the frog-green bills upon us
To spend on things the world asks of us?

EDITH BENEDICT HAWES.

THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Too True To Be Good

IT WOULD be a hard-hearted person indeed who would not be stirred to a little pity for the aged Bernard Shaw as he speaks through the mouthpiece of his newest play, "Too True To Be Good." Mr. Anderson of the *Journal* refers to "the quality which gives it special significance—the melancholy of disillusion." This drives at the truth, but does not quite strike it. I was impressed rather with the pain of bewilderment that emerged from many of its lines, and particularly from those of the last act. I felt the absence of much of the old cocksureness, the pain of trying to adjust to a world of science and philosophy that has apparently (and only apparently) undergone a complete revolution since the days that Shaw's thoughts appeared fresh and themselves revolutionary. Here is a man who was brought up in the heyday of a materialistic interpretation of history and under the dominion of that strangling specter, economic determinism, a man who matured his philosophy of the Socialistic state only to find the "science" on which his philosophy took shape vanishing into a limbo of antique oddities. Small wonder, then, that he cries out in baffled words. He is like a man whose life savings have been wiped out in a great economic catastrophe. Shaw's savings were mental. They have been wiped out in the catastrophe that has come to materialistic thinking.

It is an almost exact statement that nearly seven-eighths of Bernard Shaw's life was passed in an atmosphere highly favorable to his type of mental gymnastics. The popular science of that day rested on certain proud assumptions, among them an almost mechanical sequence of cause and effect and a certain rock-like solidity ascribed to matter. Then came along the astrophysicists to turn the old assumptions not only up-side-down but also inside-out. Eddington preaches his doctrine of a mysterious "mind stuff" as the only way to explain the vagaries of the forces within the atom and the obvious action of something akin to will in natural phenomena. Einstein topples over the Newtonian physics, and a host of equal and lesser scientific lights begin to play into obscure recesses only to reveal, instead of new certainties, new obscurities. The popular science of the last decade—corresponding to the last eighth of Shaw's life—is now demanding a spiritual factor in its equation.

Almost unconsciously, it is making a central and essential place in its scheme for the idea of a created world whose very existence is contingent upon the Will of the Creator. It is describing matter as an expression of force and power rather than as an independent and eternal substance. Your modern scientist no longer sees an impossible and illogical gap between matter and spirit, something which can never be bridged except by "superstition." He is leading back the world by its nose directly to the idea of spiritual force as the animating principle of a "matter" that is itself more of a spiritual expression than an independent substance. He is making the doctrine of creation much easier to understand, and is making the broad assumptions of the materialists not only untenable but also absurd. Thus Shaw finds himself no longer the prophet of a new era, backed by a scientific Gibraltar, but rather an absurd antiquarian as shockingly out-dated as the folk he once loved to ridicule for their alleged superstitions. Their superstitions are becoming the scientific dogmas of today, and the quintessence of Shavian-

ism has become as obsolete as the idea of a flat earth or of a geocentric solar system.

In his new play, which Shaw himself labels a collection of sermons, he admits this distressing fact quite frankly. For once, however, he has no answer to suggest. Over and over again, particularly in that agonized last act (I insist that agonized is an exact description) he speaks of the bottomless abyss into which we are all falling. That is the term he has chosen to describe his own bewilderment. It leaves the atheist without proof of his "faith." It leaves the state Socialist without the philosophic basis in determinism for his public control of property and morals. It explodes the smug sanctions of the pragmatists. It opens up the terrifying possibility that moral law may possibly rest on something else than mere custom or the quantity of iodine in the air or the chemical character of the local agricultural soil.

Unfortunately, Shaw lacks the courage to see it through. Because some of his own assumptions have been spoiled, he implies that the rest of the world shares his bewilderment. It never occurs to him that some of the "superstitious" beings he has had so much fun with in the past may possess a compass which makes navigation in the new scientific day quite serene, or, if it does occur to him, he prefers to ignore it and preach on tragically about the end of the world (meaning his world). One might easily suspect him of being some sort of new-fangled Seventh Day Adventist shouting general doom—instead of which he is merely a bewildered old man who placed his whole mental dependence upon fallible scientists and has found, too late, that they have misled him into becoming ridiculous.

If one had to judge "Too True to Be Good" merely as a play, one might agree with Mr. Atkinson of the *Times* that it is "generally tedious," or lament with Mr. Brown of the *Post* its "rudderless dullness." Its occasional shafts of wit, its many isolated scenes brilliant with extravaganzas, and the deft acting in the Theatre Guild production by Beatrice Lillie and Hope Williams, do not counterbalance its endless rehashing of old Shaw ideas, nor its deliberate avoidance of any form resembling a play.

But the sudden vision of a black cloud of doubt and uncertainty descending about the head of the proudest scoffer and one of the most positive reformers of the last fifty years cannot, in itself, be either tedious or dull. It is a spectacle of very nearly tragic irony. It is, both figuratively and literally, the retreat of a mental giant from Moscow. It is the revelation to a determinist that not all is determined. It is the sight of a man who has sent insolent and mischievous questionnaires to a whole world suddenly facing a question he himself cannot answer. That last act, and most especially the last speech in that act, go to make up one of the most moving bits of writing in the whole range of Shaw literature. The intensely personal quality of the despair and doubt, the agony of uncertainty to a mind that has taken joy in fashioning certainties, the all-too-human avoidance of the real issue, the pathetic effort to project an inner torture upon the whole of an outer world—these are all things which may not make a moving play but which do have, as a document, the impulse of subjective tragedy and the profoundly stirring terror of an awakening in utter darkness. (At the Guild Theatre.)

The Pius X School Concert

THE PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC of the College of the Sacred Heart is rapidly assuming the place it deserves in the musical life of New York and the country itself. In its peculiar province it is unique and its accomplishment is already extraordinary. It remained, however, for its New York concert in Town Hall to bring it definitely before the non-Catholic public and to receive that public's homage as well as the homage of the metropolitan critics. Its triumph at this concert was instant and overwhelming. Mr. Olin Downes of the *New York Times* summed up musical opinion when he wrote: "This concert was a remarkable demonstration of the results attained by a school of liturgical music which has no rival in this country for the soundness of its training and the authority of its traditions of plain chant." And later in his review he said: "The phrasing, shading, articulation of the Latin text, the fine instinct for the curve and flow of a musical line, observed last night, was model of what singing of this kind can and should be." Mr. Downes did not overstate the truth. No such singing of Gregorian music has been heard in New York, and it proved that at last we have in America a school and a body of singers capable of giving practical demonstration of what liturgical music as set forth in the words of Pius X ought to be and so rarely is. It is the duty and the privilege of Catholics throughout the country to back this school to the uttermost. If they do, the music heard in our churches will in a short while begin to lift itself above the rather lamentable level which obtains in most churches at present, for graduates of the school will act as apostles throughout the parishes of the country and will form other such schools. It is surely an opportunity not to be neglected.

At the concert at Town Hall the choir gave besides many examples of strict Gregorian compositions of such masters of religious music as "Ecce Nomen Domini" and "Verbum Caro" of De Lassus, "Our Lady Sings" by Mrs. E. L. Voynich, a living composer now residing in New York, Anerio's "Jesu dulcissime," and the "Duo Seraphim" of Vittoria. Music so utterly alien to everything which is hailed as the spirit of the time is of course extraordinarily difficult to present, and can only be presented by singers trained deeply and reverently. And yet when sung as it was by the choir, it is music which proved itself "not of an age but for all time," music which transcends the bounds of nationality and the time-spirit because it is music informed with the eternal spirit of religion and the Church. The large audience which listened to it was deeply and sincerely moved, despite the fact that the singers sunk their personality completely into the spirit of the music, music which itself is impersonal as far as regards the things of this earth. And this is the only way such music can be sung. Selflessness is the essence of it, and it can be approached only through reverence and humbleness of spirit. It was so approached by the Pius X Choir and the result was at once electric and tenderly beautiful.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Gifts from Saba

At the foot of the rainbow you buried the gold,
Joseph, so royally wise.

On the clouds of new incense your caroling rolled,
Mary, with dreams in your eyes.

But the myrrh, my Beloved, we help You to hold:
Myrrh is for man when he dies.

SISTER THOMAS AQUINAS.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE NEW IRISH RÉGIME

Richmond Hill, L. I.

TO the Editor: While not taking strong exception to Padraic Colum's article, "The New Irish Régime," because its author has had the good grace to refrain from any pretense at being concerned about the freedom of Ireland, I would ask the hospitality of your columns to present another aspect of two points dealt with in the article.

On the question of the retention of the land annuities Mr. Colum states: "Behind Mr. De Valera are people who would repudiate the payment on the ground that the English occupation of Ireland inflicted such economic damage that the £100,000,000 still to be paid by the Irish tenants if held by the Irish state would only begin to pay for it." He adds, in the same paragraph: "The difficulty about this argument is that Great Britain is not going to acknowledge that she owes Ireland any indemnity, and there is no power existing in the world that can make her do it. Her people are looking to the Irish tenants for the return of the money loaned them." Well, it has been very definitely stated, not only by De Valera but also by his representatives here and in Great Britain, that there is no question of repudiation. Mr. MacWhite, whose utterances should, I think, be acceptable to Mr. Colum, in a statement issued last week from his office at Washington described the use of the word "repudiation," as applied to the Free State's policy with regard to the land annuities, as being "incorrect and improper." Mr. De Valera claims a legal right to withhold the payments, and his attitude is upheld by eminent legal authorities in a series of articles published recently by the *Irish Press*, Dublin. As to England's not acknowledging that she owes Ireland any immunity, it seems necessary to remind Mr. Colum that England acknowledged her debt to Ireland—in this respect—as far back as 1920. Of course she has never honored her acknowledgment and now it seems that she wants to repudiate it. A commission appointed by the British government during the intensity of the Home Rule agitation found that Great Britain owed Ireland a capital sum of well over £300,000,000 in respect of overtaxation since the Act of Union. In 1920 there was passed at Westminster an act making Great Britain solely responsible for the dividends and general service of the land stock debt. There was no mention of land annuities in the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, nor was there any suggestion that the existing arrangement should be reconsidered. The present claim of the British government is based on secret financial agreements entered into, illegally, by the Cosgrave ministry. This, I think, disposes of the statement, "Her [Britain's] people are looking to the Irish tenants for the return of the money loaned them." The British government is the sole creditor of the stockholders of the land stock debt. It is debatable whether or not there is any power existing in the world that can make Britain acknowledge her indemnity to the Irish people and her true position in the question of the land annuities. Perhaps America will have something interesting to say on this point in its relation to Britain's demand for a general cancellation of war debts.

Now, an explanation is due to the readers of Mr. Colum's article on his reference to "secret societies." He implies that there are a number of secret societies in Ireland, operating behind the smoke-screen of politics in the perpetuation of local agrarian feuds in different districts. Surely if Mr. Colum has knowledge of secret societies of this nature, it is his duty to expose them. The publication, by Mr. Colum, of the names

of a few of these secret societies would be of far-reaching interest. The only secret society known to the people of Ireland is the Freemason Brotherhood, which was popularly believed to be the sinister influence behind the last administration in the Twenty-six Counties of Ireland, known as the Free State. The Public Safety Act of the Cosgrave régime was not aimed at the suppression of secret societies, as Mr. Colum would have us believe. During the period of its operation twelve open organizations of the Independence Movement, of which the Irish Republican Army was the principal one, were outlawed. No secret society was banned, as the records will show. Can it be, then, that the existence of secret societies—apart from Freemasonry—is mythical?

MICEAL O'KIERSEY.

Latrobe, Penn.

TO the Editor: I have just read Padraic Colum's two pages of propaganda for William Cosgrave which THE COMMONWEAL was kind enough to order and pay for. Lest I get the name of a chronic letter-to-the-editor-writer I will not ask you to publish this. But I ask you something else: In the name of decency and fair play kindly give a hearing to both sides of this controverted question.

Mr. Colum's article was a wonderful piece of work; it is the best presentation of the Free State side of the question that I have ever seen or heard. I shall not attempt to refute it or answer point by point its objections. Let me state, however, that you have permitted a writer in your columns to misrepresent a noble statesman and friend of the people of Ireland and that you have allowed him and paid him to sneer intellectually and cleverly at a band of idealists.

Mr. Colum's offering was devilishly clever and has hurt the cause of Dev and of the "extremists." If you have any sense of justice you will see that the other side gets a hearing.

I could hardly believe my eyes as I saw De Valera's policy twisted and misrepresented, as I say Colum's attempt to rationalize away the motives of Sinn Féin and Fianna Fáil. As I mentioned in another letter to you, the parallel between his attitude to Ireland and the atheistical attitude toward Catholicism was strong.

I wish I could impress upon you my deadly earnestness in writing this letter. Within the space of a few months you have opened your columns to two clever bits of propaganda. I have never seen an offering of the other side of the question in your magazine. I am a staunch friend of THE COMMONWEAL and I hate to see it dealing dirty blows to the cause that is nearer to me than any other. For the sake of truth, that truth which you profess to love, quit listening to and getting duped by that nasty little nest of propagandists which seem to have your ear. Let them pay for the circulation of their Cosgravian tracts.

Since getting warmed to the idea of this letter I have changed my mind; if you feel like it, publish this letter, for poor as it is, at least it will be something in favor of the cause that you have manhandled so frequently.

CHARLES O. RICE.

FACING FACTS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: The leading editorial in THE COMMONWEAL of March 16, entitled "Facing Facts," propounds a too simple remedy for tax evils and dispatches a complex problem all too briefly. It is not without reason that two Popes in two epochal encyclicals on labor confined themselves to the

basic Christian principles of economy without making any attempt at detailed solutions. Simply to recall two such perennials as "What constitutes a living wage?" and "What is charity?" may be sufficient to deter one from advocating too smugly any single solution.

It remains of course for someone to specify where the Popes have dared only to outline. But it is obvious that one should be thoroughly equipped with facts, and even then be cautious not to mistake expediency for justice, or to be too certain that the right expedient has been selected. It is not to be implied that in this brief space a better solution is offered, but merely that the editor has embarked on a far more questionable course than he would have us believe.

In as broad and hazy a manner as the editor adopted, it would be easy to refute his contention that government employees' salaries be slashed as one of the first steps toward economy and the alleviation of taxation. It is universally granted that there was a great deal of profit-taking from 1914 to 1929. It appears evident that the logical place to obtain money to balance the present deficit is from these profit-taking sources. To quote Mr. Heywood Broun in the *World-Telegram* of March 25: "Why shouldn't the rich be soaked? That's what has happened to the poor not only in recent years but down through the centuries. . . . If the well-to-do are eager to preserve the economic structure which now prevails they ought to be willing to pay for it. . . . The threat that existing institutions may collapse unless more revenue is available can scarcely worry those who have nothing or next to it." This method embodies several well-known Christian principles. The arguments that taxation of the rich is demoralizing and destructive of incentive are not in the least convincing.

To offer the argument that many others have not only suffered salary cuts but have actually been thrown out of employment has no force whatever. Two wrongs do not make a right. And it remains to be shown that salary cuts are right. If they are, employment insurance becomes a philanthropic luxury.

At the risk of odiousness a few figures prepared by the Budget Bureau on federal salaries and personnel are here presented to show whom THE COMMONWEAL is asking to shoulder the burden.

The average annual pay of a total of 732,460 civil employees of the government is \$1,441. There are 124,678 civil workers receiving less than \$1,000 annually; 175,525 workers receiving from \$1,000 to \$1,500; 141,069 employees receiving from \$1,600 to \$2,000; and 227,574 from \$2,000 to \$2,500. Of these latter 227,574, more than one-half, or 116,690, receive \$2,100. A total of 169,690 receive from \$2,200 to \$5,000, but of these, 125,931, or approximately three-fourths, receive less than \$2,700 per annum. There are only 4,736 receiving more than \$5,000, most of whom are officials, including members of the Cabinet, their assistants, bureau chiefs, etc., and 32 men receiving over \$15,000. The total annual payroll of 732,460 workers and officials is \$1,055,970,636.55. In addition there are 290,913 persons in the various military establishments of the government with a payroll of \$259,719,830.57. If 10 percent were taken from all salaries of \$5,000 or over, the government would not save over \$5,000,000. If 10 percent were taken from all salaries of \$2,000 or over, a saving of approximately \$55,000,000 would be made. And according to the latest proposal of cutting 11 percent from all salaries after making an allowance of \$1,000, the saving would be \$67,000,000.

THE COMMONWEAL offers a probable fiscal year's deficit of \$4,250,000,000. The best saving would constitute no more

than 1.5 percent of this total. A dearly bought economy, indeed, when paid in terms of morale, and retrenchment of very likely twice 10 percent on the part of every employee affected.

An allowance of \$1,000 is an amusing gesture. The father of an average family in New York or elsewhere, with a \$1,500 income, is repeatedly driven to charity. With an income of \$2,000 he is barely able to meet the ordinary obligations. Unable to indulge in the buying orgies which were at first urged to revive business, he will now be bludgeoned into charity to support those who are already wealthier than he.

It appears that the only morale (bank account or investment) worth saving is baronial. A \$2,000,000,000 trust was established to reinforce the tottering business interests of the land. It would not be unreasonable to imagine a reinforcement instead for the unemployed long since in utter collapse, or for the barely employed whose salaries are their sole investments. It is begging the question to assert that business needs support more urgently or prior to labor, in order to support labor. The converse is just as reasonable an assumption. In fact it is just conceivable that with comparable support labor would survive a business crash as well as—with support—business may survive this labor crash. Besides, it seems absurd to take from those who have little or nothing, to give to those who already have more.

Unfortunately the exact figure for the annual postal deficit is not available at the moment of this writing. However, the deficit is two or two and one-half times larger than the greatest saving yet suggested by salary reductions. If the Postal Department were put on a paying basis to which any utility claims to have a right, not only would this deficit be wiped out, but a saving over two times as great as that proposed by salary cuts would be effected, and this without asking the poor man to pay for his rich neighbor's security. This means, of course, a raise in postal rates—and another storm of protests. But it is not unfair to ask that the Postal Department pay for itself, not in terms of salary economies, but in terms of adequate postage rates. And if the Postal Department was never meant to pay for itself then the ledgers should not be made to balance at the expense of departmental employees. It is queer reasoning to incur a deficit by favoring the users of the mails, and then eliminate the deficit by charging it to the employees. Every thinking man is for economy, avoiding new projects and new debts and keeping running expenses at a minimum, but if we are "to face realities with utter ruthlessness"—just so—"and to restore economic order and human hope through applying the simplest standards to even the loftiest problems," there seems nothing left to do but to "soak" the rich.

NORMAN A. POKORNY.

THE ORIGIN OF MAN

Derwent, Alta.

TO the Editor: In his review of "Evolution and Theology" in the March 9 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, Reverend John A. O'Brien states, "It will be helpful in restoring a judicial calm to writers who labor under the false impression that loyalty to the Catholic faith requires them to minimize the evidence of evolution, and garble the meaning and distort the implications of the increasing stream of scientific data pointing toward an evolutionary past."

In view of the above statement may I request, through the courtesy of your Communications columns, that someone explain what is the authoritative teaching of the Church on this question.

ANTHONY J. STYRA.

BOOKS

Washington, as Maecenas

George Washington: Patron of Learning, by Leonard C. Helderman. New York: The Century Co. \$2.50.

THE PRIME essential of a book review, in these days of super-journalism, is what a woman of the long ago once called in my hearing, "the divine quality of interest." It is therefore up to the present reviewer to infuse as much of this as is possible into the highly specialized 180 loosely printed pages of the present volume. The author manages to make out his case for the Father of Our Country but it must be confessed that the record, though bright in its own particular sphere, shines but dully alongside his career in arms, and as a statesman. The book is rather in the form of a special plea, and the point at hand is always faithfully impressed in favor of the proponent. The author gets at the gist of his argument in the following statement: "Washington's name was the one truly national bond amidst a wrangling particularism. It was as fitting as it was fortunate that he should preside over the deliberations of the Federal Convention at Philadelphia. It was this movement to form the constitution which stimulated the first serious discussion of a national university."

At this convention a motion was introduced by James Madison, said to have been inspired conjointly with Washington and Pinckney, "to grant Congress power to establish a university." This was lost in debate. At this session Washington was present as the presiding officer. For several years thereafter, and indeed up to the founding of Washington and Jefferson College, of which the author is associate professor of history, the question was being discussed by leading minds. The illustrious Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia stamped the prospective project at once as a university in the following words: "Let everything connected with government, such as history, the law of nature and nations, the civil law, the municipal laws of our country, and the principles of commerce, be taught by competent professors. . . . Above all, let a professor of what is called in European universities, economy, be established here. . . . To this seminary young men should be encouraged to repair, after completing their academical studies in the colleges of their respective states."

Thus was Washington seconded in his clear-minded view of the necessity for education in its broadest terms as one of the principal means for welding the divine elements of which the new nation was already made up; and always, in his own words, "without sectarian prejudice." In his first annual message to Congress he gave his theories full comment, and in subsequent messages to Congress and private letters he upheld this ideal. "There is nothing which can better deserve your patronage than a promotion of science and literature. . . . To the security of a free constitution it contributes in various ways," he writes to the Congress of 1790. His enthusiasm increased with the years. We find him writing to St. George Tucker, one of the chief lawyers of the time, only two years before his death: "My solicitude for the establishment of a national university has been great and increasing."

In 1795 it was proposed to transplant the entire faculty of the College of Geneva to the United States. Indeed they had made overtures, "seeking a refuge from the gathering storm of the French Revolution." But Washington himself was not impressed with the idea, fearing that in the yet unsettled state of the public mind, it might be considered by a considerable majority "as an aristocratic movement."

In his last message to Congress in 1796, Washington wrote: "True it is that our country, much to its honor, contains many seminaries of learning highly respectable and useful; but the funds upon which they rest are too narrow to command the ablest professors, in the different departments of liberal knowledge, for the institution contemplated, though they would be excellent auxiliaries."

Thus spoke the most authoritative voice in the nation, and thus was inspired the first definite movement toward the creation of an American university. The Commissioners of the Federal District prepared a memorial to Congress requesting it "to receive any donations which may be made to the institution," and pointing out that a portion of land "sufficient for the building together with fifty shares on the Potomac River had been appropriated by the President of the United States," and that donations were expected from other sources.

Washington's further influence as a patron of learning directly extended to the founding of the United States Military Academy, of Washington College in the state of Maryland, and of Alexandria Academy, a preparatory school at Alexandria, Virginia, to the establishment of which he left a thousand pounds in his will. There might be some hint for enlightened citizens here.

JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH.

Heaven and Earth

The Satin Slipper, by Paul Claudel; translated by the Reverend Father John O'Connor, with the collaboration of the author. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$5.00.

DON RODRIGO goes down over the side of a ship to give himself as a bit of rubbish to a nun who for the support of convents plays the ragman, collecting junk from ships in the Mediterranean. That is the way Paul Claudel ends his play, "The Satin Slipper," and having so ended it, he appends, seeing the amazement, the perplexity, the delight on the face of his readers: *Explicit opus mirandum*.

It is a book which will indeed be stared at both by its friends and by its enemies: first of all, for its comprehensiveness. Dona Prouheze, a lady of all time and all countries, but appareled as Spanish of the sixteenth century, feels herself sliding toward evil and gives her satin slipper to a statue of the Virgin. She says: "I give myself to you! Virgin mother, I give you my shoe. Virgin mother, keep in your hand my luckless little foot! I warn you that presently I shall see you no longer, and that I am about to set everything going against you! But when I try to rush on evil, let it be with limping foot." To show us how Divine Purpose responds to this cue, Claudel sails us as far as Panama, and has half a hundred years of European history enact for us their farce and their grandeur.

Second, to make us stare, is the eccentricity of the play. It is not a play at all. No small part of the poetry is written in the stage directions. The scenes march as no scenes ever marched, not even in an Elizabethan chronicle play. They have no superficial connection one with the other. The characters are as numerous as flowers in a flower catalogue. It is more an epic poem than a play. It is a Divine Comedy. It is an autobiography that does not want to be understood. It is heaven mixed up with earth, and earth mixed up with heaven; an account of angels and saints walking around amid the robustness of life, with cut-throats and lowbrows.

But most important of all, and thirdly, the play is to be stared at for its sheer beauty: a beauty discernible in the whole conception, but stinging us to applause in such scenes as that

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NEXT WEEK

HOW TO GET ECONOMIC PLANNING, by Ernest F. DuBrul, is an impressive, factual analysis which indicates that "the main responsibility for unemployment and the need for long-term planning of business rest squarely on the shoulders of the managements of about 300 large companies," and points out "the significance of intense concentration of power and authority in the management of a very few corporations." The very concentration of control which the men who direct these large corporations have themselves worked out imposes a clear social duty on them. "The social cost per mistake per executive," the writer says, "runs to enormously great values in the case of large corporations." Mr. DuBrul offers four concrete proposals for the leaders of our economic empire, if they are to bring order and reason out of chaos, which would be to the advantage of the entire country and avert the loss of leadership of the above men through the break up of the empire into small units. . . .

CATHOLIC LEAKAGE, by the Reverend John A. O'Brien, unifies for the readers of THE COMMONWEAL the discussion of this most important topic which has appeared in recent numbers of this magazine and in the *Liturgical Review*. . . .

ALBERT, SAINT OF SCIENCE, by H. A. Jules-Bois, which begins in this issue, is concluded next week. The present instalment deals principally with the biographical details of the new sainted Doctor of the Church, and the next will deal more specifically with his achievements in the realm of ideas and religious knowledge. . . .

A POLITICAL EMPIRE DISAPPEARS, by M. Grattan O'Leary, traces the development of the political equality of Canada with the United Kingdom and the importance of this in the steps now being taken by the Irish Free State for greater autonomy in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

where Dona Prouheze and her Guardian Angel cross the ravine or that in the Second Day, Scene XIV, where the moon speaks. Such poetry is veritable, like a source which bubbles out of the solid rock.

Father O'Connor, the translator, has done remarkably well in preserving the pithy, strong, contemporary, colloquialism of Claudel's versicles. Also he has given a very vigorous translation to many of the metaphors, an achievement on his part in which he has been helped by Claudel, who made the figures of speech so essentially beautiful that they could be translated, like those in the book of Job. Says one character, speaking of London: "While you are busy at your desk, suddenly the light is intercepted, a great four-master going up the Thames." When you have read this figure in English, you do not have to read it in French. On the other hand, it would be idle to maintain that all the beauty of such a scene as that in which the moon speaks, can be carried over into English. A music, a manner of the words, has to be lost. Furthermore I do not think that in every case Father O'Connor has made the English do what it might do. There is in that same moon-scene a passage utterly laconic: "Pour que son âme avec son corps soit écartelée je vaudrais bien ces deux morceaux de bois qui se traversent." The translator puts it: "To rend him soul and body, I am quite as good as those two cross-pieces of wood." It ought to be, I think, even more laconic, more spoken through the teeth: "To rend him soul and body, I am quite as good as those two bits of boards set crosswise." But taking the translation all in all, it is so good that even someone who thinks he knows French fairly well would do well to begin with the English.

DANIEL SARGENT.

A Hasty Chronicle

The Biography of Mother Earth, by Henry Smith Williams. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. \$5.00.

THIS biography is an amazing mixture of fact and theory. One cannot but admire the fervor with which the author has attacked so overwhelmingly large a subject, as well as his vivid narrative style which pictures the earth's development as though he had witnessed it. But the story jumps from fact to fancy, emphasizes certain features, omits others, and settles controversial questions without any indication of what is being done. To be sure, a full discussion of even a few of these questions would quadruple the size of the book and ruin its narrative form. But that only proves that such a story should not be written at all in the present state of our knowledge.

The hypothesis on which the story hinges is based upon Wegener's drifting continent theory, but departs radically from it by assuming a primeval land mass centered about the south pole, which land mass split apart at different times. These parts migrated northward, and some split again returning in part toward the equator, until the present distribution of land and sea developed. The motive force for this migration and splitting was the tendency of the uneven surface of the actual globe to assume the form of a perfect spheroid of revolution, with the consequent movement of excess surface mass to positions where it would best achieve both lateral and longitudinal balance. This is called the geoid-spheroid balance hypothesis.

The mathematical support for this hypothesis is not presented, so there is no basis for criticizing it. Its application is enough to consider. In the first place the heterogeneous constitution of the original earth is assumed to be a fact, which it is not, and that fact explained by a moribund theory of earth origin. No

acceptable explanation is given for the greater weight of the southern hemisphere, but such lack of balance is assumed and, according to the present hypothesis, this caused a compensating rush of water to the northern hemisphere and left dry land exposed about the south pole. This land grew outward into the encircling seas, because of the accumulation of sediment eroded from its surface mixed with organic remains. So vast a realm of conjecture and speculation is touched upon here that it is impossible even to indicate how much of it is highly questionable.

Much of the story developed from this point on is certainly true, but, even if we assume that the continental migrations did occur, their position at various times does not explain all that the author ascribes to it and fails utterly to account for many important things.

The biological development is also forced. The author follows the general scheme of development clearly enough, but he is peculiarly certain of the mechanism of evolution for a modern. He assumes it as proved that during a lapse of time, which he considers far greater than the most recent estimates indicate, the changing environment acting upon the minute variations between individuals has developed all the species of living creatures we know. He favors the Lamarckian theory of use or disuse of organs in spite of the unprovable character of that theory at present. The few known connecting links—the lung fish, the amphibian, the mammal-like reptiles and some others—are emphasized, but the vast accumulation of facts and the omissions in the record that give pause to the wary scientist are not mentioned.

The story of the development of man is nicely told, but the chronology and place are wrong, and no scientist today believes that man developed as here indicated.

The author is certainly justified in his contention that geology and the allied sciences fail to explain many things. Any theory that gives promise of integrating the many apparently conflicting facts that we have to deal with will be welcome, but such a theory must be capable of less forced application than is here accorded the one proposed.

WILLIAM M. AGAR.

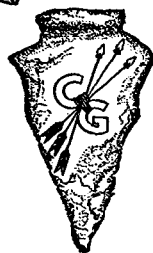
Excitement in a Saintly Life

Saint Patrick: His Life and Mission, by Mrs. Thomas Concannon. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$2.50.

WHEN I had finished reading Mrs. Concannon's new account of the stirring career of Ireland's evangelist, I had an impulse to reread it right through; lacking time for which I nevertheless did linger over it, turning the pages and dipping into it at numerous places. Doubtless many lives of many saints have been so written as to earn the reputation of boredom and stuffiness. Yet many of the most exciting and thrilling lives lived on this planet have been lived by men and women whom the Church has elevated to the altar. There are indications that the current vogue for biography is at last searching out some of these supremely interesting careers.

It would be difficult to make a life of Saint Patrick dull. Of his own "Confession," Mrs. Concannon well says that "there is no more affecting document in any language." His story has been retold down the ages by many loving narrators. The present book is a popular one, and unpretentious, but scholarly. It is pleasantly written, rather plainly, and all the better for that, since it allows the story itself to shine through, undiminished by distractions of the author's style. The occasion for it of course is the approach of the fifteenth centenary of Patrick's landing in Ireland.

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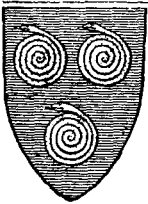
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Following the events of Patrick's daring apostleship with a minimum of wordiness, Mrs. Concannon has perforce written a great adventure story. Trying her hand at unraveling the vexed questions of the saint's nativity, and the place of his first landing on his mission, and the location of the "Wood of Fochlut," shrewdly building up from fact and conjecture the story of the years between his escape from bondage and his return to Ireland, tracing his steps through Tours, the Island of Lerins, Arles and Auxerre, she has written a thrilling detective story. To one with no pretensions to scholarship she seems pretty well to dispose of Dumbarton as the birthplace, without establishing Caerwent beyond all doubt. But Mrs. Concannon has quite possibly at last hit on a solution of the "Fochlut" mystery.

A great man surely was Patrick, and the story of his Irish mission is one of undying fascination, particularly when told by an author who can, as Mrs. Concannon does, so deftly suggest the background of his world and time, both in Britain and on the Continent amid the crashing ruins of the empire, and in Ireland, the land of the proud, courteous and cultured "Scotti." Certainly no one planning to attend the Eucharistic Congress this summer could better prepare for that experience than by acquiring and studying this book; it might almost be said that no one should on any account sail for Ireland this year without it. It will enrich the experience; it will make both Ireland and the Faith more intelligible, bring them more warmly home to the heart and mind. And in addition, I promise again, it will give an intelligent reader all the excitement of an adventure story and a detective tale in one.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

"Skippy"

A Cartoonist's Philosophy, by Percy Crosby. McLean, Virginia: Published by the author. \$2.00.

CURIOSITY about the creator of "Skippy" and about the man who attacked prohibition in a full-page advertisement in the *New York World* early in 1931 leads one to read "A Cartoonist's Philosophy." Although the book arouses one's crusading spirit while reading, the first concrete result probably is that one will buy a copy of "The Imitation of Christ" (not having one!) and what is more, read it. That alone makes Percy Crosby's book worth while.

The first half of the book by America's best-liked cartoonist has essays, mostly of France, showing something of Crosby's keenness in understanding the working of a child's mind and, too, of the child-like mind. Something of the flavor of Joyce Kilmer's "Holy Ireland" permeates the first half. The story of Raymond, the four-year old French boy who presents the Crosbys with his most prized possession, a rabbit, and insists that it go into the casserole, is equaled in charm and poignancy by that concerning the pauper child, Germaine.

The other half is a miscellany of good humor, some of it through Skippy's mouth, and of religion, art, autobiography and other topics of interest to a thinking person. Prohibition, however, overshadows everything else in the author's mind as the most rampant evil and the cause of most other evils in the United States. There are, too, ten illustrations, half of them cartoons.

A plea for universal brotherhood ends Mr. Crosby's book, in which every type of reader will find something pleasing. And through it one does come to know the author and to appreciate his broad understanding sympathy for humanity.

BERNARD GARBER.

Briefer Mention

Ludendorff: The Tragedy of a Military Mind, by Karl Tschuppik. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00.

"IT IS the tragedy of a great commander like Ludendorff," Herr Tschuppik concludes, "that he was a sword which there was no intelligence fit to wield." The translator has done something curious with that sentence, but its truth is none the less easy to apprehend and deserving of meditation. Ludendorff's brilliant career naturally suggests two themes: first, the rise of a daring, brilliant, intelligent, but relatively uncivilized officer; second, the lack of any political weight in Wilhelmian Germany to offset the potentially dangerous volition of such an officer. The present book deals exhaustively with both, virtually ignoring Ludendorff's personal history and characteristics for the sake of concentrating on the man of action. Herr Tschuppik's analysis of the campaigns and of the conflict between the "dictator of 1918 and civilian Germany offers, as one would expect, little that is new, but strikes a fair balance between conflicting opinions. His is an able and readable volume.

Immanuel Kant in England, by René Wellek. Princeton: Princeton University Press. \$4.00.

DR. WELLEK claims most rightly that "the history of Kant's introduction, reception and influence in England . . . sheds a flood of light on the peculiar intellectual condition of England in the early nineteenth century." He himself is a German scholar who has the great advantage of a more than usually intimate knowledge of Kantian philosophy, and who has set out to gather data from all possible sources. The book suffers from his inability to use English with skill, but as a study in the comparative history of ideas it is more than usually valuable. Kant began to be spoken of in Britain toward the close of the eighteenth century, but most of the commentators drew on Dutch sources or had little contact with the English public. There followed the interest taken in the Koenigsberg philosopher by the Scottish thinkers, but the devotion of Coleridge and other Romantics to his work was far greater. Dr. Wellek affords a valuable and sufficiently comprehensive view of his subject during this period. The final chapter draws conclusions which the historian of philosophy will not wish to miss.

Clym, by Mary V. Hillman. New York: The Devin-Adair Company. \$1.00.

THIS brief novel suggests a theme which it unfortunately does not explore deeply: the study of a divided, self-defeating nature, too worldly and wayward for any sort of moral rule, too helplessly sure of religious verities for any sort of temporal satisfaction. A similar idea is the subject of two powerful Catholic novels—"A Winnowing" and "The Unhurrying Chase"; but here, though the author has the courage of her conceptions, and an attractively direct way of writing, she gives in merest outline what needs a careful massing of detail, and extracts no more than a kind of pathos from material intrinsically tragic and significant. Her Clym, hard, reckless and yet honest in spite of herself, breaks up the discipline in every convent she attends; marries outside the Church the first time, and outside the pale of Christianity after her divorce; never forgets the Faith throughout an externally brilliant and inwardly haunted life; and never comes back to it until her lonely death. Miss Hillman is evidently a competent student of character, whose work only needs deepening to be notable.

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Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1932, state of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Publisher, The Calvert Publishing Corp., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Editor, Michael Williams, Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Managing Editor, George N. Shuster; Business Manager, John F. McCormick, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

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JOHN F. MCCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1932.

MARY L. COONEY,

(My commission expires March 30, 1933.)

Liturgical Arts, A Quarterly Devoted to the Arts of the Catholic Church. Volume One, Number Two. New York: The Liturgical Arts Society. \$50.

IF ONE may paraphrase from the first number of *Liturgical Arts*, its purpose is to transport art from what is profane, or tinged with the cares of everyday life, to what is pure, blessed, divinely joyous. Such art has been called with happy implications, "the art of the sanctuary." How important this is in our world today, the glorious possibilities of it, the true charity of providing sanctuary for the beleaguered soul, are obvious; equally with the glory of the Catholic faith, of providing sanctuary for Christ on earth, among His faithful until the consummation of time. The art, the beauty, that man could bring to this high purpose, has been deserving of a magazine that would worthily reflect it, and *Liturgical Arts* is indeed proving worthy. The second number is a splendid successor to the first. It is packed with matter of interest not only to the clergy, but also to the laity, to all who are collaborators and sharers in the Divine joyousness. The Reverend John La Farge, S.J., one of our most engaging Catholic writers, contributes an article on the advantages of employing an architect, even on small projects, to effect a saving not only in immediate costs but also in more permanent values. Two demonstrations of the architect's art are described in detail: one, the beautiful modernized Romanesque Church of the Holy Child in North Philadelphia, on the grand scale; and the other, the chapel of St. Anselm's Priory in Brookland, D. C. Both articles are supplemented by excellent photographs. Professor C. R. Morey contributes a brilliant essay on Byzantine art, and the Reverend William J. Lallou, professor of liturgy at St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, in collaboration with Mr. William R. Talbot, tells of the rubrical and practical features of the textile appurtenances of the altar. On the whole, the magazine is handsome, interesting and authoritative. It should be widely read.

Everybody's Garden, by Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

MR. EATON'S splendidly written book is not the usual manual concerning the habits, treatment and fumigation of diverse plants. As a matter of fact, it is possibly a little too indifferent toward the individual flower and tree. The central purpose is to discuss what is often called "landscape architecture," but, to Mr. Eaton's mind, is rather a sense of utilizing well the ground which mother nature affords. He is a wise preacher of restraint, and many passages—for instance, that advocating the use of untrimmed shrubs—deserve a place in any possible anthology of classical remarks anent gardening.

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